

BRITISH SHIPS AND SEAPLANES RAID GERMAN COAST

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY OTHER DAILY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD

No. 3,487.

Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.

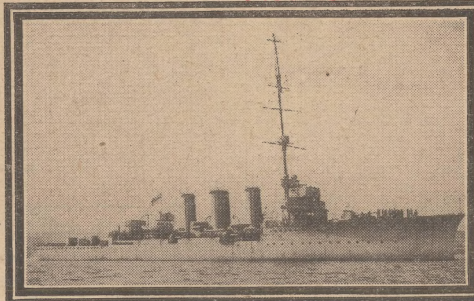
MONDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1914

One Halfpenny.

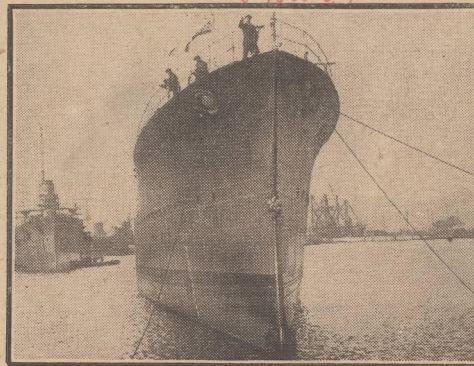
A CHRISTMAS PRESENT FOR THE KAISER: BRITISH SHIPS AND SEAPLANES RAID GERMANY AND PUT ZEPPELINS TO FLIGHT.



Flight Commander Douglas A. Oliver, R.N., who piloted one of the seaplanes in the raid.



H.M.S. Undaunted escorted the seaplanes.



So did H.M.S. Arethusa. Photographed at time of launching.



Flight Commander Francis E. T. Hewlett, R.N., the only British pilot who is missing after the raid.



A fleet of British seaplanes on the water. This photograph was taken during the war.

The British Navy has soon shown that it has no intention of forgetting the German raid on Scarborough. On Christmas Day British ships and seaplanes startled Germany in the neighbourhood of Cuxhaven, attacked the German warships lying in the

Schillig roads and beat off a counter-attack by hostile Zeppelins, seaplanes and submarines. The Undaunted and Arethusa soon put the Zeppelins to flight. Only one British seaplane pilot is missing, Flight Commander Francis E. T. Hewlett, R.N.

SOLDIER WHO RAN CRONJE TO EARTH.

Death of General Kelly-Kenny,
Famous Leader in Boer War.

FIFTY YEARS IN ARMY.

Yet another famous name must be added to the list of distinguished soldiers who have passed away since the war began.

General Kelly-Kenny died peacefully at Hove on Saturday in his seventy-fifth year.

A splendid type of soldier, tall, straight, fine-featured, and rapid in thought and action, he was the hero of wars in many quarters of the globe.

He will, perhaps, be best remembered for his work in South Africa.

It was General Sir Thomas Kelly-Kenny who chased Cronje to Paardeberg, the Boer general there surrendering to Lord Roberts on February 27, 1900, the anniversary of the Majuba Hill disaster.

Subsequently General Kelly-Kenny led the British in the successful action at Driefontein, which cleared the way for the advance on Bloemfontein.

Here, in the capital of the Free State, General Kelly-Kenny's other abilities came into play.

P. 6599



Cutting the cake after the wedding of Miss Wilson, and Mr. Frank Malcolmson, who was engaged on the Volturno when she was burned at sea.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

He was placed in charge of the communications, which the Boers were constantly trying to cut.

General Kelly-Kenny remained in general control of all the operations in the Free State until he came home to England in 1901.

Until 1904 he was Adjutant of the Forces. He retired in 1907 with fifty years' service to his credit.

WINDFALL FOR YOUNG ENSIGN.

General Kelly-Kenny's first experience of fortune's kindly intentions towards him occurred while, as plain Ensign Kelly, the young Irishman was spending a few days' leave at Brighton one winter.

As he stood on the front one stormy afternoon he noticed an old man trying to cross King's-road in the teeth of a furious wind. Seeing that he was evidently in difficulties, the future general hastened forward and politely offered him his arm.

This kindly act so impressed the stranger that he invited the young soldier to dine with him. The chance acquaintanceship ripened into friendship and when the old man died a few weeks later it was found that he had left the young officer a large sum of money.

KING EDWARD'S FRIEND.

General Kelly-Kenny enjoyed the friendship and confidence of the late King Edward, as well as of the late Lord Roberts.

He was awarded many distinguished Orders, including the G.C.B. and the G.C.V.O.

The large number of great soldiers who have died away from the hurly-burly of battle since war began in August will be seen from the following list:—

Lieutenant-General Sir J. M. Grierson, commander of an army corps, who died from heart failure in a train in France.

General Sir Charles Douglas, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, who died after a week's illness on October 25.

Lieutenant-General Sir W. E. Franklyn, commanding 3rd (Central) Division of Lord Kitchener's Army.

Lieutenant-Colonel Sir W. Carington, found dead in his bed.

Major-General R. G. Kekewich, hero of Kimberley, found shot in his bedroom.

Surgeon-General William Maxwell Craig, C.B., R.N., died at Chelsea on August 6.

To the foregoing list must be added the immortal name of Lord Roberts, V.C., who died "within sound of the guns" at the front last month.

BRITISH WARSHIP ASHORE.

A British torpedo craft went ashore during a gale on the Fife coast at Kingsbarnie early yesterday morning.

Part of the crew were rescued by the Crail lifeboat, which, however, was stove in on its last trip. The remainder of the crew, including the captain and several officers, were rescued

COMEDIANS' "SECRETS."

Mirthful Duet in "Sleeping Beauty—
Beautified" at Drury Lane.

BRITISH FUN AT LYCEUM.

A huge audience assembled at Drury Lane on Boxing Night to welcome "The Sleeping Beauty—Beautified." Beautiful is an appropriate word, for the scenes seem more beautiful, the dresses more bewitching and the tunes more melodious than ever before.

One song, called "Won't You Join the Army?" sung in delightful fashion by dainty Miss Renée Mayer, is quite a masterpiece in its way.

Little Miss Mayer herself as Puck brings the magic atmosphere of fairyland to every charming scene in which she appears.

Mr. George Graves and Mr. Will Evans are funny in their respective styles, and have a deliciously funny duet about "Secrets."

Miss Fern Rogers, the new principal girl, sings well, and is very bright and attractive, while that remarkable dancer, Mr. Stanley Lupino, is as eccentric and nimble as ever.

One of the most delightful "Cinderella" pantomimes London has ever seen is now being given at the Aldwych.

The "Cinderella" is beautiful Miss Julia James, and this fact very largely explains the spell which this fairy romance casts over the audience.

Miss Lily Iris gives us a sprightly and charming Prince. The comedians work well together.

Those who like thoroughly rollicking fun and good British humour will find plenty of it at the Lyceum in "Jack and the Beanstalk."

This pantomime is full of comic characters. There are Mr. Victor Kelly, a screamingly funny Sir John Simon, and Mr. Harry Conlin, a really first-rate dame. These are only two amongst a bevy of comedians all rich and rare in their individual ways. Miss Louie Beckman makes a splendid Jack.

TO BLOW UP BRUSSELS.

Mines Laid by Huns, who Threaten Terrible
Reprisals If Driven from Belgium.

PARIS, Dec. 28.—"Brussels is now entirely mined and ready to be blown up by the very minute we are obliged to retire."

These are the exact words that were used by a German major to a Belgian woman who has just reached Paris.

The officer added: "I don't believe we will ever have to evacuate Belgium, but if we must do so the world will realise that Louvain was just a single flower. Brussels will be the bouquet."

The woman went on to say that it was commonly known that all big public buildings and all the sewers of the city were mined.

Twice daily war communications are published and pasted on the walls of the city hall and in cafés. As the people knew they contained nothing but bluff they did not take much notice of them, but now soldiers are posted in front of the notices and men and women are compelled to stop and read the German news.

Recently, while travelling in a car, a Belgian woman was wearing a Belgian decoration on a lapel of her coat. An officer stopped her and ordered her to take the ribbon off. She pretended not to understand, whereupon he tore it off with the point of his sword.—Exchange.

THE KING AND INTERCESSION.

In a letter received by the Archbishop of Canterbury from the King his Majesty states that he has learnt with great satisfaction that the day of intercession is likely to be observed by all churches throughout the country in a heartfelt and reverent spirit.

"His Majesty feels confident," continues the letter, "that on that day employers will do their utmost to reduce Sunday labour as far as practicable, so that all may have the opportunity to attend the services and to take part in this national act of prayer."

JACK TAR—CARPENTER.

British Sailors Who Are Interned in
Holland Start a New Industry.

CHAIRS FOR SALE.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

GRONINGEN, Dec. 28.—"All play and no work makes Jack a dull boy." This "improved" maxim might be applied to the interned sailors here. There is a certain amount of work to do and the men are doing their best to keep themselves fit and busy—but any scheme for providing cheerful occupation would be greatly welcomed.

Already a number of the sailors have started a small industry. It is a carpenter's shop, where little knock-knocks—such as pipe-racks, jewel and ring boxes, paper-cutters and clock-cases—are manufactured for sale as souvenirs.

When I visited the shop I found twenty men hard at work planing, sawing, polishing and turning out dozens of various fancy goods ordered by clients in this country. Many of the men have never done any carpentry before, but under tuition have soon learnt the business.

"We can make almost anything now," said the "foreman" to me. "If a client wants a chair or a wooden cigarette case we can do it."

"We should be very grateful if our friends at home would give us orders. The proceeds of the shop are shared between us."

Orders should be sent to the Carpenters' Depot, care of the Commandant, Internecentre Depot, Groningen, Holland.

Although they are interned, the men at Groningen are allowed out in parties on parole in the town without guards. B. J. LAMB.

BRUSH FOR A BALD MAN.

Comic Examples of "Misfit" Presents—
Crossing Sweeper's Silk Hat.

Hundreds of thousands of kind-hearted people will this morning be receiving letters of thanks for "useful and acceptable" Christmas presents.

In many cases the presents will prove "useful and acceptable." But a very large proportion show a grotesque want of judgment on the part of the sender.

Many a man this Christmas found himself the recipient of a pipe when he can only "manage a cigarette." Shaving sets for men who cannot shave themselves, and in some cases for men who actually grow beards, were received in many a household.

Here are other cases of curious "misfits":—

A brush and comb for a bald man who wears a wig.

An opera bag for a domestic servant.

A case of whisky for a teetotaler.

A packet of Spurgeon's sermons for a non-religious invalid.

A belt a couple of feet too long for a girl.

A fancy waistcoat for a man several inches too small for him.

Shakespeare's works in small type for an old-age pensioner who can scarcely read a newspaper.

The victim of one of the most comical blunders this Christmas was a crossing sweeper to whom a sympathiser presented a silk hat.

AN ARMY OF "NON-COMS."

AMSTERDAM, Dec. 24.—In a dispatch from the German main headquarters the correspondent of the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, speaking of the English troops he has come into contact with, admits that they must not be underrated.

They include, he says, a very great number of hardened soldiers of from six to twelve years' service, and, as an officer expressed it, "it is as if we were fighting against an army of non-commissioned officers."

Their equipment is practical, their arms good and their discipline excellent. This last-named characteristic is especially borne out by English troops in captivity.—Reuter's Special.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

For England, S.E.—Changeable; some showers; fine intervals; colder.

P. 130 M



King Gustaf, with King Christian on his right and King Haakon on his left, outside the Residence Building at Malmö, where the meetings of the Kings of Norway, Sweden and Denmark took place.

DEATH IN THE MIDST OF REJOICINGS.

Child Fatally Burned While Calling
to Santa Claus.

VICTIMS OF THE FOG.

Numerous tragedies—some due to the Christmas rejoicings and others the result of the fog that hung over the country—have occurred during the Yuletide holiday.

At Sheffield a young girl named Elsie Dobson was lighting a candle in a Chinese lantern on a Christmas tree when it burst into flames and enveloped her clothing. She was terribly burned, and her recovery is doubtful.

The dangerous practice of calling up the chimney to Santa Claus has resulted in the death at Hull of Louisa Suddaby, nine years of age. Her clothing caught fire and she was burnt to death.

Christmas rejoicings proved fatal to Hannah Louisa See, wife of Isaac See, a goods guard, of 9, Mount Pleasant, Bacup. She died suddenly after returning from a ball.

DROWNED IN EACH OTHER'S ARMS.

Many of the tragedies this Christmas were caused by the fog.

In the Black Country two young people went to meet a friend at the railway station, and all

P. 12659



A duet by "The Willies," founded on the famous Haseldene cartoons, has been interpolated in "The Christmas Honeymoon" on tour. Mr. William Fringle, as Little Willie, is receiving the Iron Cross.

three walked into the canal and were drowned. Two were sweethearts, and were found clasped in each other's arms.

"WATCHED WOMAN DROWN."

A remarkable story of men watching a woman drown was told on Saturday at the Hackney coroner's court at an inquest on Sarah Brown, aged seventy-two years, of Clapton. She was drowned in the River Lea, in the fog.

Henry Leverett, a general dealer, said he was returning home with the woman, who was ahead of him. Suddenly he heard a splash.

Being a cripple, he could not jump in to save her, but tried to reach her with his crutch.

Several men ran up, and he begged them to jump in and save her.

"But the cowards would not," he said. "Would to God I could have swum; she would be here; but they all stood and looked on and did nothing."

The jury returned a verdict of Accidentally Drowned.

"THE GREATEST TOUR OF MY LIFE."

"Every rehearsal will be a full dress performance, and we shall all bring back a lot of new business," said Mr. Seymour Hicks to *The Daily Mirror* as the train steamed out of Victoria which was to take the party of theatrical and music-hall stars to the front.

"We don't know where we are going, and perhaps it is not advisable that it should be known," he continued.

"But we hope to go wherever there are British soldiers to sing to and amuse."

"It is the greatest tour of my life."

The party includes Mr. Seymour Hicks, Miss Ellaline Terriss, Miss Gladys Cooper, Mr. Willie Frame, Miss Ivy St. Heller, Mr. Will Van Allen, Mr. Eli and Miss Olga Hudson and Mr. Ben Davies.

BUY YOUR GLOVES NOW.

Sensible women will lay in a good stock of gloves, which will shortly become very much more expensive.

"We are paying already 6d. and 7d. more a pair for our best skin gloves wholesale," a West End hosiery told *The Daily Mirror*. "Many of the skins for English-made gloves have been brought hitherto from Austria, and are therefore now unobtainable."

BRITISH SEA AND AIR RAID ON GERMAN COAST

Christmas Day Surprise Off Heligoland and at Cuxhaven.

SEAPLANES' BOMB ATTACK ON GERMAN FLEET.

Undaunted and 'Saucy' Arethusa Easily Drive Off Two Zeppelins.

SIX OF OUR SEVEN PILOTS RETURN SAFELY.

Cruisers Spend Three Hours in Enemy Waters—Submarines Rescue Three Airmen.

The British Navy gave the Germans a dramatic surprise by sea and air on Christmas Day. On that day there raged off Heligoland a battle in which Zeppelins, submarines and seaplanes of both sides, and oil-driven cruisers took part, and thus made history as the most novel fight of the ages.

The chief points of this audacious raid by our sailors and sailor-aiemen are:

The Undaunted and the Arethusa with their guns easily drove off two Zeppelins.

Seven British seaplanes attacked German warships in roads of Cuxhaven, the great naval port.

Six airmen returned safely, the seventh, Flight Commander Francis E. T. Hewlett, is missing.

Four of the seaplanes are lost.

All our airmen's bombs were dropped on points of military significance.

No damage was done to our ships.

Despite the presence of submarines, Zeppelins and seaplanes, our ships remained for three hours off the German coast, waiting to pick up air pilots on their return, and none of the Kaiser's famous "scout-and-shoot" cruisers ventured out to give battle.

Berlin telegrams to Amsterdam state that great excitement prevails throughout Germany, and that the damage done has been "strictly hushed up."

The German public, too, are very angry that our cruisers should have flown over their "so easily" through the German mine field.

Cuxhaven stands on the extremity of the left bank of the Elbe estuary, and is reputed to be the most strongly fortified spot on the whole of the German North Sea coast.

Another dashing air feat was carried out by Squadron Commander Richard B. Davies, who dropped twelve bombs on a German airship shed in Brussels on Christmas Eve, and six of the bombs are believed to have reached their mark.

Germany, indeed, is having a thorough taste of what hostile aircraft can do, for yesterday's official statement from Paris tells of a successful raid by the Allies' aeroplanes on the airship sheds and barracks at the fortress of Metz.

DARING CHRISTMAS DAY DASH ON CUXHAVEN.

Seaplanes, Escorted by Warships, Attack German Ships Off Great Naval Sea Port.

The Secretary of the Admiralty makes the following announcement:—

"On Friday, the 25th instant, German warships lying in Schillig roads, off Cuxhaven, were attacked by seven naval seaplanes piloted by the following officers:—

"Flight Commander Douglas A. Oliver.
"Flight Commander Francis E. T. Hewlett.
"Flight Commander Robert P. Ross.
"Flight Commander Cecil F. Kiner.
"Flight Lieutenant Arnold J. Miley.
"Flight Lieutenant Charles H. K. Edmonds.
"Flight Sub-Lieutenant Vivian Gaskell Blackburn.

"The attack was delivered at daylight, starting from a point in the vicinity of Heligoland.

"The seaplanes were escorted by a light cruiser and destroyer force, together with submarines. As soon as these ships were seen by the Germans from Heligoland two Zeppelins, three or four hostile seaplanes and several hostile submarines attacked them.

"It was necessary for the British ships to remain in the neighbourhood in order to pick up the returning airmen, and a novel combat ensued between the most modern cruisers on the one hand and the enemy's aircraft and submarines on the other.

"By swift manoeuvring the enemy's submarines were avoided and the two Zeppelins were easily put to flight by the guns of the Undaunted and Arethusa.

"The enemy's seaplanes succeeded in dropping their bombs near to our ships, though without hitting any.

"The British ships remained for three hours off the enemy's coast without being molested by any surface vessel, and safely re-embarked three out of the seven airmen with their machines.

"Three other pilots who returned later were picked up, according to arrangement, by British submarines, which were standing by, their machines being sunk.

"Six out of the seven pilots, therefore, returned safely. Flight Commander Francis E. T. Hewlett, R.N., is, however, missing.

"His machine was seen in a wrecked condition about eight miles from Heligoland, and the fate of this daring and skilful pilot is at present unknown.

"The extent of the damage by the British airmen's bombs cannot be estimated, but all were discharged on points of military significance."

To the above Admiralty message is also attached the following statement:—

"On Thursday last Squadron Commander Richard B. Davies, R.N., of the Naval Air Service, visited Brussels in a Maurice Farman bi-



FLIGHT-LIEUTENANT C. H. K. EDMONDS.

plane for the purpose of dropping twelve bombs on an airship shed, reported to contain a German Parseval.

"Eight of these bombs, of which six are believed to have hit, were discharged at the first attack, and the remaining four on the return flight.

THE ARETHUSA AGAIN.

The Arethusa, which bore the brunt of the fighting in the battle of the Heligoland Light on August 28, is a very fast light cruiser of 3,520 tons displacement.

Her speed is thirty knots, and she is armed with two 6 in. and six 4 in. guns. The Undaunted is a sister ship.

MOTHER'S FLYING PUPIL.

Flight Commander Hewlett is the son of Mr. Maurice Hewlett, the famous novelist.

His mother holds the Aero Club's certificate, and it was she who taught him to fly, the lessons being given at Brooklands.

He passed the tests required of a naval airman in 1911.

WRECKED IN SEAPLANE.

Flight Commander Oliver had a narrow escape from death in October, 1913, when he was wrecked off Cromarty in a seaplane.

The machine crumpled up and plunged beneath the water, taking the pilot down with it. He, however, with great presence of mind succeeded in getting clear.

On the day of the accident Mr. Winston Churchill was to have made a flight with Lieutenant Oliver. With the same pilot he had ascended a day or two before to a height of 5,000 ft.

NINETY-MILE-AN-HOUR MAN.

Squadron Commander R. B. Davies was one of the two British airmen (the other was Lieutenant-Commander F. L. M. Boothby) who in June were reported to be at Berbera (British

Somaland), conducting investigations as to the feasibility of using an airship against the Mad Mullah.

In September, 1913, he distinguished himself by making a cross-country flight of 180 miles in 12 minutes—a speed of over ninety miles an hour.

Flight-Commander R. P. Ross and Flight-Lieutenant A. J. Miley are both attached to the ship, in which, somewhat significantly, Mr. Erskine Childers, author of "The Riddle of the Sands," is serving as a lieutenant of the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve.

Flight-Sub-Lieutenant V. G. Blackburn is serving temporarily in the Naval Air Service, and is attached to the Yarmouth Air Station.

GERMANS "HUSHING UP" RAID DAMAGE.

Public Angry at Ease with Which Our Cruisers Negotiated Mine-Fields.

AMSTERDAM, Dec. 27.—Berlin telegrams state that the British attack on Cuxhaven caused the greatest excitement throughout the empire.

The damage done by the British hydroplanes is strictly hushed up. The German official reports studiously minimise it, but the consequences of the attack are believed to be great.

The general impression in Germany is that the British Navy wishes to retaliate for the East Coast raid, and is beginning a new policy of maritime aerial attacks, which are bound to bring about an early and decisive naval engagement.

There is considerable criticism among the German public of the inefficiency of the minefield in the German light, through which the British cruisers so easily made their way.—Exchange Special.

FLYING MEN ATTACK METZ AIRCRAFT SHEDS.

Germans Driven from Their Trenches by Allies' Heavy Bombardment.

PARIS, Dec. 27.—The following official communiqué was issued this afternoon:—

Between the sea and the Lys the day passed calmly, with only intermittent cannonading.

Between the Lys and the Oise there is nothing to report.

In the valley of the Aisne and in the Champagne country there was an artillery duel.

In the region of Perthes the enemy, after a violent bombardment directed against the trenches which he had lost, counter-attacked directly afterwards, but was at once repulsed by our artillery and infantry fire.

RAVINE BOMBARDED.

We have bombarded a ravine where the enemy has evacuated several trenches.

Between the Meuse and Moselle, to the east of St. Mihiel, two German attacks against a redoubt in the Bois Brule were repulsed.

A dirigible has thrown ten bombs upon Nancy in the middle of the town, without any reason from a military point.

Our aeroplanes, on the contrary, have bombarded the aircraft sheds at Frescati, one of the railway stations at Metz, where the movements of military trains were reported, and the barracks of St. Privat at Metz.

In Upper Alsace our troops have made fresh progress on the heights which dominate Cernay, and have repulsed some attacks there.—Exchange.

GERMAN ATTACKS FAIL.

PARIS, Dec. 27.—The following official communiqué was issued this evening:—

The enemy, after directing a heavy artillery and infantry fire all last night against our troops in position at La Boisselle and in the adjoining trenches, delivered two consecutive attacks without any success.

Saint Die was violently bombarded between 9.50 this morning and noon.—Reuter.

ZEPPELIN WRECKED BY ALLIES.

ROOSENDAL, Dec. 27.—It is rumoured here that a Zeppelin, sighted over Nieuport on the morning, was shot at by the Allies, and all the occupants were killed in the debris of the airship as it descended.—Exchange Special.

WARSAW AS KAISER'S "CITY OF PROMISE."

Huns Fail Though Hypnotised by Vision of Iron Crosses and Gold.

BIG AUSTRIAN DEFEAT.

Desperate fighting continues in Poland, where great battles are still raging.

With magnificent spirit the Russians have repulsed all the German attacks.

Against the Austrians, who are in full retreat, the Russians have gained notable victories, capturing in all 10,000 prisoners and eighteen guns. The capture of Warsaw is, of course, the German aim. To spur on his troops the Kaiser is said to have made Warsaw a kind of "land of promise."

"Take Warsaw by Christmas and you will be home at the New Year. Every soldier will receive an Iron Cross and a piece of gold." That was the bribe.

Warsaw, however, is still uncaptured, but the titanic struggle continues with unabated fury.

10,000 PRISONERS.

PERNOBRAD, Dec. 27.—The following communiqué from the General Staff is issued here to-day:—

During yesterday the fighting on the lines of the Rivers Bzura and Rawa was limited on the whole to an artillery duel.

Various German attacks were successfully repelled.

On the Lower Nida we dislodged on the evening of the 25th from the village of Vislitz the Austrians, who made an obstinate defence, and attempted to entrench themselves on the left bank of the Nida.

We then drove the Austrians to the other side of this river.

South of the Upper Vislitz in the Sarnow region we repulsed on the 25th the Austrians, who had the line Tychow-Olszyn. The enemy abandoned ten quickfiring guns, forty-three officers and more than 2,500 soldiers.

On the following day we continued the pursuit of the Austrians, who retired in disorder.

We captured eight more quickfiring guns and about a thousand prisoners, and we occupied near the Siedlitz the left bank of the Biala.

In the direction of Dukla in the fighting of the 25th and yesterday the Austrians were repulsed from the line Zmigrod-Dukla, and they are in full retreat.

During the last battles in this district the Austrians suffered enormous losses, leaving in our hands as prisoners 10,000 men.—Reuter.

GERMANS OCCUPY MLAVA.

PARIS, Dec. 27.—This afternoon's communiqué says:—

RUSSIA.—The Germans, who had resumed their march on Mlava, have reoccupied this town.

On the Middle Pilizta the battle continues with great obstinacy, and the same is happening on the Lower Nida.

Along the entire Galician front the struggle is developing under conditions favourable for the Russians.—Reuter.

EVERY MAN HIS CROSS.

PETROBRAD, Dec. 26.—With regard to the fierce but fruitless attempts by the Germans to reach Warsaw, the war correspondent of the Russkoye Slovo Yemirovitch Danchenko says the German authorities believed that the loss of Warsaw would compel Russia to conclude a separate peace.

The Kaiser simply hypnotised his soldiers with the idea, and even the German prisoners believed that Warsaw would be in German hands by Christmas.

Every soldier was promised in Warsaw an Iron Cross and a piece of gold.—Central News.

AIR BOMB DROPPED BY SHEERNESS RAIDER?

Fragments of Metal Found in Huge Hole in the Ground Near Rochester.

That a bomb of some description was dropped by the enemy airman who came over Kent on Christmas Day seems proved by the following facts:—

At a spot in the neighbourhood of Cliffe, about five miles from Rochester, and on the Kent side of the Thames, an explosion excavated a large hole about 12 in. in depth and several yards in circumference in the roadway.

The spot is some distance from any habitation or buildings.

Search was made in the neighbourhood, and a quantity of scraps metal was discovered, the centre, which was quite intact.

These have been forwarded to Chatham, and are now in the possession of the police. A big hole in a bank was dug out and a shell was discovered about 3 in. in circumference and about 7 in. in length.

This apparently was fired at the aeroplane, but did not explode.



Map showing Cuxhaven, the scene of the raid on the German coast by British ships and seaplanes.

SLEEPING BEAUTY AWAKES AT DRURY LANE.

P. 12649 G

P. 12649 G



Mr. Wallis, Auriol, and Miss Ferne Rogers, Princess.

Mr. George Graves as the Duke.

"Sleeping Beauty—Beautified" is the title of the pantomime at Drury Lane this year, and the present is quite the most successful version of the story which Mr. Arthur Collins has yet given us. Little Miss Renée Mayer is once again Puck, while Mr. George Graves and Mr. Will Evans have invented some new comic scenes.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

STARS OFF TO FRONT.

P. 325 B



Mr. and Mrs. Seymour Hicks and Miss Gladys Cooper smiling good-bye to their friends as they leave with other artists for France, where they will entertain our soldiers at various camps.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)



Mr. Bertram Wallis plays the principal boy Auriol and looks well in quaint costumes.



Little Miss Renée Mayer as the delightful fairy Puck is very charming.



Mr. Will Evans as Pompos and Mr. George Graves as the Duke of Monte Blanco.

"baby no trouble"

Mrs. E. Cherrett, Cape Town, South Africa, writes, August 21st, 1914—
"When my baby was five days of age my doctor advised me to give him your Gripe Water, and I gave it him every day until nine months old. At eight months he could stand alone, at nine months he could walk alone. He is now 19 months, and has never given me any trouble at night, and can talk Dutch and English a little. I have to thank your wonderful Gripe Water for many a good night's rest, and more than one of my friends say the same. In the country where the doctor is so far off it is a comfort to have it."

WOODWARD'S GRIPE WATER

A perfectly safe and sure remedy, containing no preparation of Morphia, Opium or other harmful drug, and having behind it a long record of Medical Approval.

Of all Chemists & Stores, price 1s. 11d.

BEWARE OF DANGEROUS IMITATIONS.

Registered Trade Mark: "GRIPE WATER."

SEND nine penny stamps to Newball & Mason, Nottingham, and they will send you a bottle of

Mason's Ginger Wine Essence

which makes

One Gallon Ginger Wine

with the addition of lump sugar.

All who apply before January 15th will receive a Neat Money Box, which makes a Useful Gift for the Children.

W. J. HARRIS & CO., Ltd.



The MASCOT.

Complete with Apron 45/-

Wired-on Tyres.

Carriage Paid. Crate Free.

No extras whatever.

All kinds on Easy Terms.

Catalogue No. 1 Post Free.

51, RYE LANE, LONDON, S.E.

And Numerous Branches.

"Everything but the meat."

TRY THE BISTO WAY of preparing tastier and more nourishing dishes. Bisto means economy at every meal.

BISTO
The Gravy Maker.

All Grocers. Tins 6jd., 3jd. Packets 1d.

RESTORE THE VOICE WITH

EVANS' PASTILLES

Invaluable for throat and voice, affording instant relief.

Of all Chemists, in 1/- Boxes.

Manufactured by EVANS SONS, LSCHE & WEBB, LTD., LIVERPOOL AND LONDON.

DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES.

WILL YOU HELP THE LARGEST FAMILY OF ORPHAN AND DESTITUTE CHILDREN IN THE WORLD?

7,500 CHILDREN,

WITH A THANK-OFFERING FOR THE COMFORTS YOU HAVE ENJOYED THIS CHRISTMAS?

10/- maintains the whole of this vast work for one month.

Give yourself the joy of feeling that for at least one minute you are bearing upon yourself the total burden of Dr. Barnardo's Homes.

Kindly mark donations "Daily Mirror Xmas Gift." Cheques and Orders payable to "Dr. Barnardo's Homes," and Funds may be addressed to the Honorary Director, WILLIAM BAKER, M.A., LL.B., 18 to 26, STEPNEY CAUSEWAY, LONDON, E.

Daily Mirror

MONDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1914.

MORE RUMOURISM.

WE FELT pretty sure that the Rumourist would not succeed in keeping quiet over Christmas. Christmas being notably *der Tag*—a great occasion—is by consequence an obvious opportunity for such events. Therefore it is a chance for rumours.

Nothing very big, however—scarcely even a bomb or two—seemed likely to happen this Christmas, either at home or at the front. So the Rumourist said in his, or, more often, her heart: "I'll teach them to keep quiet and patch up a little marred happiness for the one day. I'll spread a little Rumourism. I'll wake 'em up."

On Christmas Eve then, duly embattled in war array, you see the Rumourist advancing with tragic face and subtle whisper of the lowered voice. He begins and throws the whole bomb right at you: "Have you heard what they say?"

"No, what?" (Your heart stops beating.)

"There's been a landing."

"Where? By whom?" (Your face flushes.)

"Here in England of course, you idiot. A landing of Germans."

"But where in England?"

"I don't know. You expect me to know everything. Perhaps at St. Kilda."

"But that's in Scotland, isn't it? And what would be the use of their landing at St. Kilda?"

"Well, it may have been near Cardiff."

"The rumour seems a bit vague as to locality."

"You're just like an Englishman—self-satisfied, egoistic! Will you *never* wake up? They are at our gates and you still sleep."

"I shall wait till the rumour is confirmed."

Confirmed it never was. Confirmed it never will be—that particular rumour; because it never happened. The War Office discreetly received it—refused to deny it, but failed to confirm it. The not denying of it, and the fact that many men had leave cancelled, was enough to rumourise it. It spread. It mobilised. It was afoot and afloat early. It was believed in by the timid. It frightened and hurt the anxious. A new triumph for the Rumourist.

The Rumourist always thinks he holds the sacred task of "waking us all up."

But there is a danger before him. He will go on and on rumourising until at last, as in the fable, his fatuities will fall on the deaf. No one will heed him. His bombs, periodically exploding, will resemble the five o'clock Taubes of Paris in their inability to harm.

Then one day there *may* be a landing. There *may* be a raid.

In that day—*der Tag*—the Rumourist will shout in vain. Nobody will believe one who has lied so often, so continuously, since the war began. Then will the Rumourist pose as a martyr and say "I told you so!" and gain the halo of patriotism. W. M.

IN MY GARDEN.

Dec. 27.—All tender subjects will now need protecting. Dwarf roses should have some light sandy soil heaped round their stems; standards can have bracken or straw twined round their shoots. It is a mistake to lay wet material over rose beds, although this is often done.

Frames containing cuttings, violets and sweet peas should be covered with warm mats during frosty weather. Tender perennials can be protected by laying evergreen branches over them. Rare rockery plants should be covered with sheets of glass, since damp, and not frost, is generally the cause of their failure to survive the winter. E. F. T.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Them that have dipped their hands in any little difficulty should be very mindful of the case of them that have. And that is the good Christianity—Stevenson.

LOOKING THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

FROM THE FRONT.

I HAVE just read one of your *Daily Mirrors*, which I always like to get hold of, but we rarely have the chance where we are. In one dated December 5 I happened to read about Lord Kitchener's army complaining of their huts not being fit to live in.

They are lucky boys to be in England at all. I think, as when they get here they will often think of Salisbury Plain as their best home. Perhaps if they were here they might be able to say a few words, but we all know what we are here for, and we are doing our very utmost for our King and country and our homes without grumbling.

A good few of those at home are having a few days' leave at Christmas. We are looking forward to our holiday later on—that is, when the war is over. I would like you to have this

respect" if they deserve it, but as to being looked down upon, I do not suppose the average business man "looks up" more to his typist than he "looks down" on his servant. B.

"HERR VON KULTURGESCHICHTE."

IT IS TRUE that Germany has contributed to scholarship, but mainly in the purblind maledigging manner associated with all her professors.

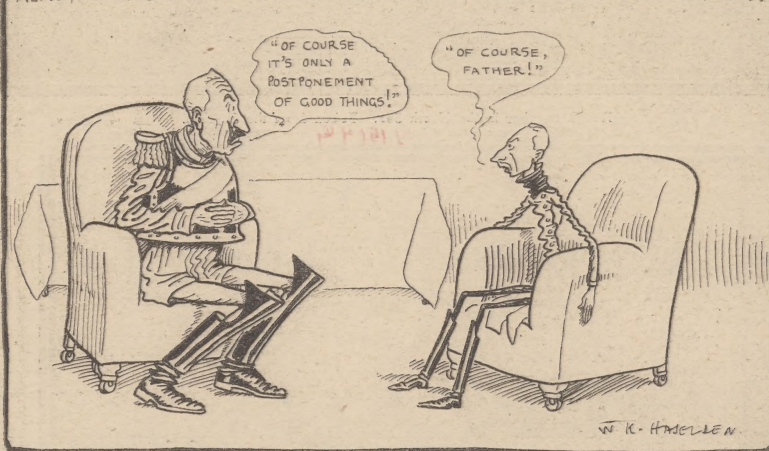
German scholarship rarely has shown the lucidity of French and English scholarship—the grasp of the 'whole' is denied them. One wades through a forest of facts and loses oneself. And the conclusions drawn by the German mind out of a mountain of facts are generally as cranky and wrong-headed as the absurd assumptions which, in the intellectual sphere, lead them to encourage and countenance their

THE WILLIES' CHRISTMAS DINNER DISAPPOINTMENT

THE STATE OF HAPPY AND CONTENTED REPLETION IN WHICH THE WILLIES HAD EXPECTED TO BE AFTER XMAS



ALAS, FOR THEIR UNMATERIALIZED DREAMS OF FRENCH, RUSSIAN, AND BRITISH DELICACIES!



It was to have been an immense European "blow-out"—a gobbling up of all the smaller and bigger nations. So far, it is a meal of emptiness and air.—(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

printed in your paper to let our boys in England read it. Wishing you and all your readers and your paper a Merry Christmas.

A. PRIVATE SOLDIER.
A.S.C., British Expeditionary Force.

TYPIST AND SERVANT.

WHY waste time in discussing whether short-hand typists are superior to domestic servants in war time?

I was very amused at your correspondent's letter. It is very plain to see that she has had little experience of servants, or she would know that a good-class woman servant is quite as well educated as the average typist—and she is better groomed as a rule—and has a more wholesome outlook on life. "Short-hand Typist" says she knows how to treat a servant. I suppose she means that in her idea she condescends to say "Good morning" to the servant instead of turning up her nose as she might do, the typist's position being so much more superior.

After all, what is the difference between one working woman and another of these two types? They both have to quote her words—to obey implicitly.

They are both—to quote again—"treated with

fellow-countrymen in the crime and folly of this war. T. W. E.
Cowley-road, Oxford.

THE UMBRELLA NUISANCE.

NOW THAT the wet winter days have set in, permit me, through the medium of your invaluable paper, to draw the attention of the big London stores to the excellent system adopted by most of the large shops on the Continent which allows customers to deposit their dripping umbrellas in stands at the doors in exchange for a ticket.

SHOPPER.

FOG AT SEA.

And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold;
And ice-mast-high came floating by,
As green as emerald.

And through the drifts the snowy clifts
Did send a dismal sheen:
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—
The ice was all between.

The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around:
It crack'd and growl'd, and roar'd and howl'd.
Like noises in a swound!
—COLERIDGE.

BRITAIN AT WAR.

Crackers and Cakes for the Soldiers and Belgian Refugees.

AT THE WHITE CITY.

MAY I through your columns thank the many kind readers of *The Daily Mirror* and other friends who so generously responded to our appeal for the Christmas tea at the White City?

For two days holly, crackers and cakes poured in. And they were the best holly, the best crackers, and the best cakes—beautiful plum cakes, sugar cakes with almond paste, cakes decorated with rosettes or chocolate horses, or ships in full sail. The crackers were the best of their kind, red, white and blue, with frills, and a whole band of musical instruments inside.

One box of crackers was sent by a little girl who had given them up from her own Christmas tea to please the soldiers.

Up to the last moment we were a little doubtful how many men to expect—that is to say, whether 2,000 or 6,000 or none would come. Rather a problem for anxious hosts—especially as each time we counted the cakes they came out different!

However, all went well. Some thousands came and the cakes went round and left enough for supper. It was a very busy tea party. One detachment of ladies did nothing but fill dishes of jam from huge jam pots the weapons being very small spoons, which got lost inside the jars and made the task a very jumpy one indeed. But it was a very nice party, too.

The soldier boys were all perfectly delightful and very merry, for if a few became a little downcast by thoughts of home, they were soon cheered up and felt that although in a strange place they were not among strangers on this very real Christmas Day. G. E. J.

The White City.

BELGIANS TO DINNER.

WE, TOO, entertained some very nice Belgians to dinner, but I did not find that they asked any weird questions or became unsympathetic over the cooking. According to them, their great difficulty is the language one.

No one with whom they are staying speaks French, and they speak very little English. They were kind enough to say that it was a delight to them to be with people who spoke French.

From much conversation with Belgians of late I gather that the war surprised them as much as it did any nation opposed to war-loving Germany. Their relations with the Germans were so cordial that many of us had married Germans. Now there is a gulf between the two nations.

AN ENGLISHWOMAN.
Kensington Palace-mansions, W.

AN INCREASING FAMILY.

WE OUGHT to do all we can for our Belgian friends—that is agreed on all sides. But sometimes I wish it could be made clear how many of them one is required to help. I volunteered to entertain two, and two more came and took up residence with me. But it was not long before they told me that two little children of the brother—at the front—of one of them would soon be in England, and would I please entertain them also.

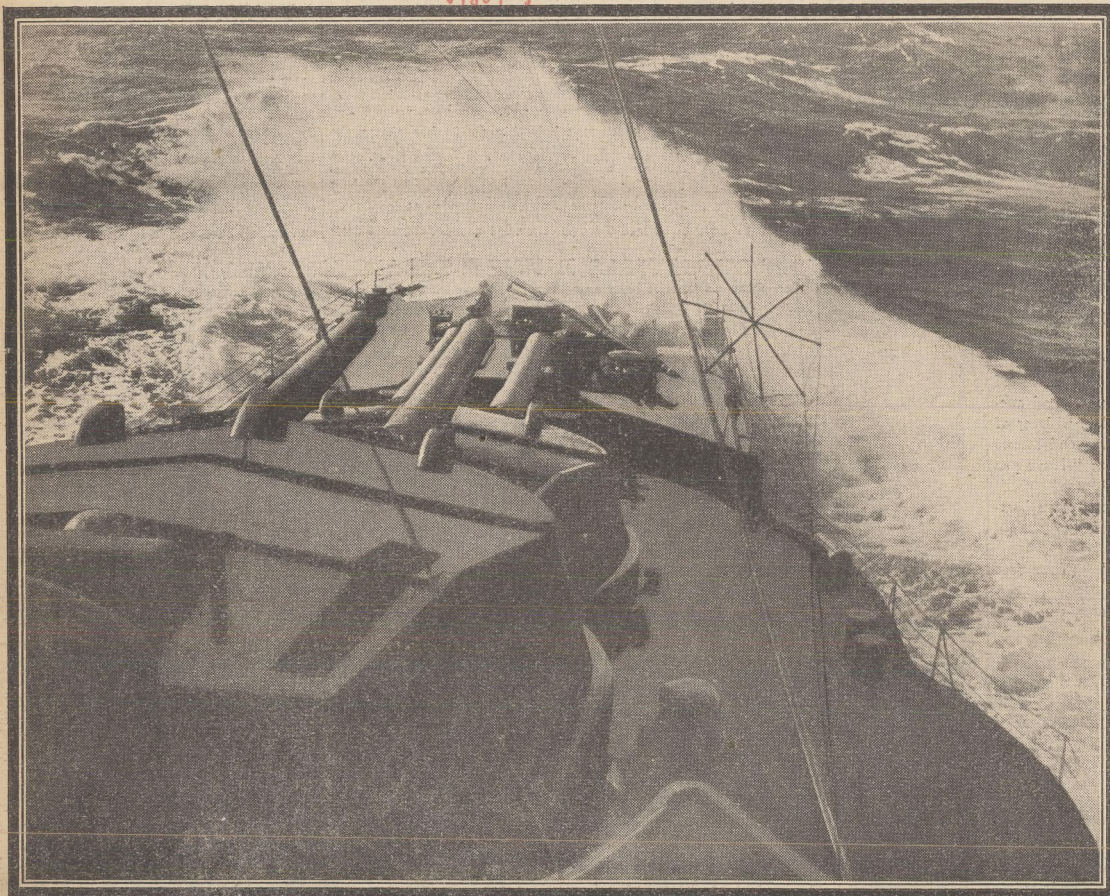
Certainly I would, though it was a difficulty to find room.

But what was my surprise to find, when the children came, that their mother and an old lady, her mother, came too. I am now more than full up, and I cannot help wondering if any more relations are expected before the end of the war.

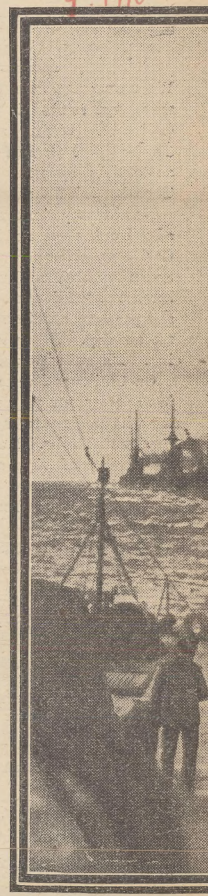
I hope not, but I dare not refuse them if they come. E. W.
A Surrey Village.

"Daily Mirror Reflections of War and Peace," being Vol. VIII. of Mr. Haselden's cartoons, is just out. It contains more than 100 of the best of them, including many of the series of Big and Little Willies. It costs 6d. net, postage 2d. There could be no better present for people at home or at the front.

BRITAIN'S GRAND BATTLE FLEET AT SEA: FIRST PHOTOGRAPH



Rough weather in the North Sea. Taken from the flagship.



The



How our sailors keep fit on the flagship.

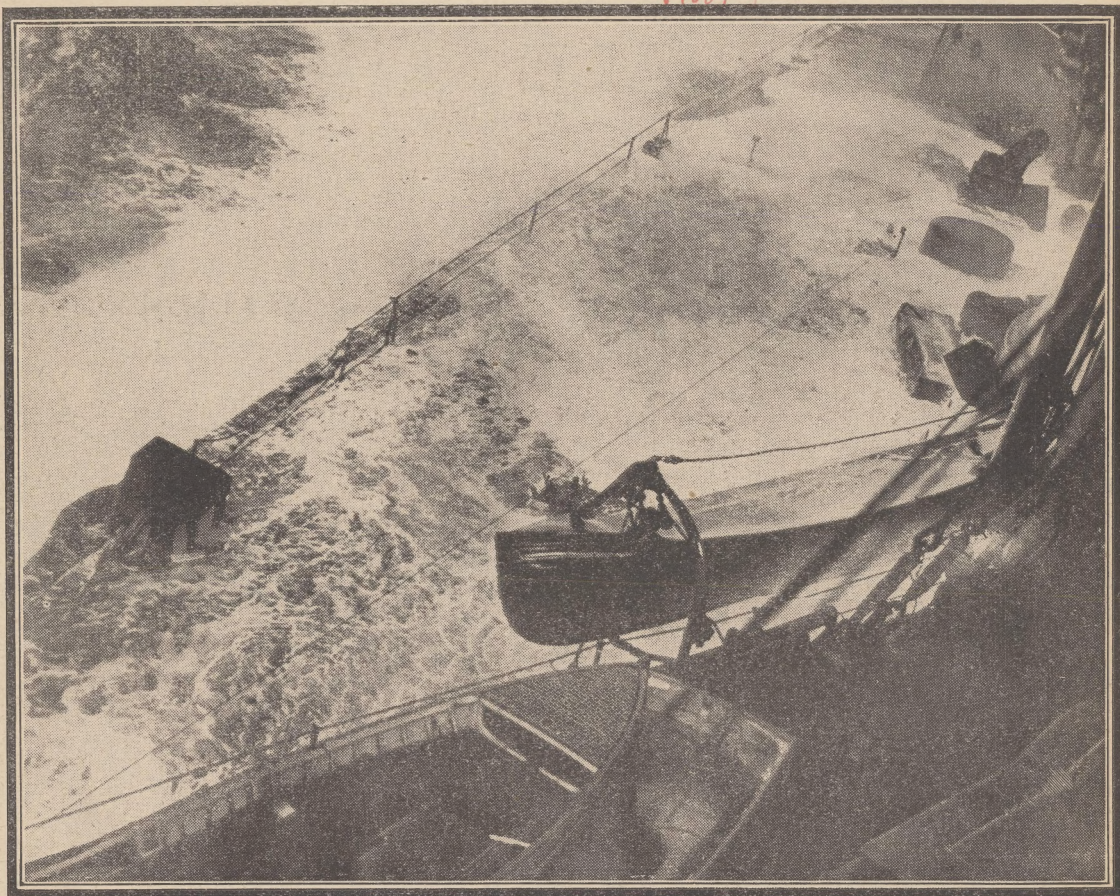


Officers

TO REACH HOME OF THE EMPIRE'S FIRST FIGHTING LINE.



Edge of his flagship.



Rough weather. The flagship awash.



the flagship.



Portion of the Grand Fleet line astern.

Peter Robinson's WINTER SALE

Commences To-Morrow

A GREAT EVENT at which unparalleled sacrifices are being made in all sections throughout the house



BARGAIN 2.

Very smartly-cut free-hip-bone Model. Sizes 21-30ins. Regular price 18/6. Sale Price 10/6

At every January Sale we feature Royal Worcester Kid-fitting Corsets at Bargain Prices. This year the Bargains will be more than ever welcome, on account of the many ladies who, for economic reasons, have deferred buying their new corsets until this important Sale.

We specialise in Royal Worcester Corsets because ladies can be sure of their style, sure of their fit, sure of their quality. Their exclusive shapes lend infinite charm and character to the gown. Every lady who takes a pride in her appearance should try them.



BARGAIN 3.

Attractive free-hip-bone Model. Sizes 19-30ins. White Contil. Regular price 10/6. Sale Price 8/11

ATTRACTIVE REDUCTIONS IN

Royal Worcester Corsets



BARGAIN 4.

Dainty Model for slender figures. Sizes 19-26ins. White contil. Regular price 5/11. Sale Price 4/11



BARGAIN 1.

This season's slashed-front Model. Sizes 21-32ins. White contil. Regular price 16/11. Sale Price 12/11



BARGAIN 5.

Smart free-hip-bone Model. Sizes 19-30ins. White contil. Regular price 8/11. Sale Price 6/11

"Stop Press" Sale News.

46 Four-and-a-half Guinea GOWNS at 40/-

We illustrate three specimens from a lot of 46 Model Gowns—no two are alike—but each one in the lot is quite as smart as the three shown.

Sc. 1.—Evening Gown of sky satin and floral Ninon. Worth 94/6. Now 40/-

Sc. 2.—Semi-evening Gown in black Charmeuse. Worth 94/6. Sale Price 40/-

Sc. 3.—Evening Gown in pink Charmeuse, with Ninon tunic, trimmed silk rose petals. Worth 94/6. Sale Price 40/-

Peter Robinson Ltd., Oxford Street



DERRY & TOMS

KENSINGTON HIGH STREET LONDON W

WINTER SALE

Begins TO-DAY and continues throughout JANUARY
Special Bargains in FURS

15 Original Model Coats, many of which were 49, 55 & 59 gns., are to be cleared at 25 gns. each.

They include a luxurious example in Rare Natural Black Musquash, 56in. long; usually 59 gns., now 25 gns. Also 2 original Models in Seal Musquash, of skins so silky and light in weight and shapes so delightfully chic, that the price merely enhances the interest they would otherwise create. Reduced from 55 gns. to 25 gns. Various Models in Civet Cat, Leopard, Real Sealskin and Flat Black Kid with Fox Collars. One Model is in Sable Squirrel, and this season's price was 49 gns. Another is in softest and richest Dutch Mole, with wide Floral border—the petals of the design being made with the same fur; ordinary price 50 gns. Also a truly regal new Model Coat in Persian Lamb, 42in. long, very flat, bright, tight-curl skins of extreme lightness; ordinary price 60 gns.

ALL TO BE CLEARED AT 25 gns. (EACH)

15 Natural Sable Colour Musquash Coats in dark skins of exceptional fullness, medium length. Ordinary price 7 gns. Sale Price 7/6

27 Seal Coney Coats, various lengths in all the new shapes introduced this season. The skins are of exceedingly fine quality, soft, full and luxuriantly brilliant. Ordinary prices 5 gns., 8, 9 and 10 gns. All to be cleared at 5 gns. Included in this lot are 3 Sable Marmot Coats reduced from 14 gns. to 5 gns.

9 Black Russian Ponyskin Coats, in various new shapes, of featherweight skins, full of brilliant marking. Lined Silk. Ordinary prices 8 and 10 gns. All to be cleared at 4 1/2 gns.

4 medium length Russian Ponyskin Coats of bright rich skins—flat pattern, and soft. Ordinary price 5 gns. Sale Price 45/-

Stoles and Muffs.

17 Sets of Natural Fox, superbly rich full skins of quite exceptional beauty. Single skin stole cut wide and deep across shoulders. Usual price 4 1/2 gns. To be cleared at (the Set) 29/6

5 Mongolian Black Wolf Stoles of wonderfully soft, bright, full silky skins, shaped deep at back and over shoulders. Ordinary price 7 gns. Sale Price 3 1/2 gns.

100 Odd Stoles in Persian Paw, Seal Coney, Moufflon, Foxline, &c. Ordinary prices 21/6, 29/6, 39/6, 49/6. All to be cleared at (Each) 10/-

14 Natural Musquash wide straight Stoles in exceedingly good quality skins. 30in. long, 40in. wide. Ordinary price 4 1/2 gns. Sale Price 35/-

The New Fur Cuirasse

An officer home from the Front on a few hours' leave made the following remark in our Fur Department: "Out of the hundreds of presents our fellows have received, this Fur Cuirasse is the only one of any real sense." On active service the Fur Cuirasse is an absolute necessity, particularly when on bivouac or in the trenches, when it is of the utmost importance to keep the vital organs well protected from the cold and changeable weather. The abdominal organs are extremely delicate and very susceptible to changes of climate, so one can easily imagine the comfort and security given by this Fur garment, which covers the entire back, chest and stomach.



REVERSIBLE CUIRASSE

worn with Cloth side out.

Army doctors tell that pneumonia troubles cause more havoc than bullets.

Fur one side. Cloth on reverse. Can be worn either side out, as illustrated: is a single piece garment, with shaded opening in centre, and is drawn over the head and fastened under arms. PRICE 10/-

Postage paid.



REVERSIBLE CUIRASSE

worn with Fur side out.

In FUR Department on Ground Floor.

THE TWO LETTERS

The Story of a Girl's Temptation.

By META SIMMINS.



"Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind."

New Readers Begin Here. CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

SYLVIA CRAVEN, a beautiful girl of twenty-two, with considerable force of character. She is liable to be affected by her emotions, but she also has a clear head, which helps to balance matters.

VALERIE CRAVEN, Sylvia's elder sister. They are very much alike to look at, but not in temperament. Valerie is worldly and selfish.

JOHN HILLIER, a quiet, strong man of thirty, who is capable of very deep affection. Any thing underhand is abhorrent to him.

STANHOPE LANE, a "smart" man about town, whose sense of honour is a very elastic one where his own desires are concerned.

SIR GEORGE CLAIR, a heavy, brutal type of man, with no aspirations of any kind.

SYLVIA CRAVEN, at the antique lace establishment of Mrs. Cunliffe, in Sloane-street, is being pestered by Stanhope Lane, a relative of Mrs. Cunliffe. As she speaks she catches hold of the girl's wrists and draws her towards him steadily. They are seen by Mrs. Cunliffe, who is fully aware that it is not the girl's fault, but she is white with rage and jealousy.

"I have no further use of your services, Miss Craven," she says, with tight-drawn lips.

Sick at heart and utterly miserable, Sylvia goes home to tell her sister Valerie, with whom she lives. On the mantelpiece there is a photograph of a man with steadfast eyes and a calm, strong face. With a little childish impulse, Sylvia goes up to it and brushes her lips across the glass.

It is the photograph of John Hillier, to whom Valerie is engaged. For some years he has been out in India making his home for her.

To Sylvia John Hillier is the one man of all men on earth. He stands to her for all that is fine and splendid.

As she turns away she catches sight of two letters on the table. One of them, she is surprised to see, is in Valerie's writing. As she reads she gets a terrible shock. For Valerie calmly writes to say that she was married that morning to Sir George Clair.

The other letter is from John Hillier! As she reads her heart sickens within her.

John Hillier has been blinded by a blasting operation, and his work-day life is finished. Sylvia sits there frozen with horror and pain. John Hillier blind and jilted!

Then, as she sits there, temptation speeds swift-winged into her heart. She is alone and practically destitute. John Hillier is alone and wants love. She could give it—she knows now that she has always loved him. She and Valerie are alike, and their voices are very similar.

"If I come out to you, Jack," she cries, "you need never know."

Sylvia goes out to India, and passes herself off as Valerie.

Hillier believes her to be Valerie, and the deception is kept up. Sylvia alters the whole world for him, and he finds that there is something to live for after all. A week or two passes, and they are married very quietly.

As she returns to the bungalow over the ceremony she finds an amazing letter to Valerie, in which she says that she is on her way out to India to join Hillier. The next thing Sylvia hears, to her horror, is that Valerie has arrived, and is on her way to the bungalow.

Sylvia meets her, and after understanding that she never married Sir George Clair tells her exactly what has happened. A terrible expression comes into Valerie's eyes.

That night at dinner she tells Hillier that he is heir to a baronetcy and £20,000 a year. Sylvia at once guesses why her sister came out to India. Later that night, they go off together to an ancient palace.

The next thing that Sylvia bursts into the room where Hillier is, and falls in a dead faint, and Valerie is found dead in the ruins of the palace, apparently killed by a fall.

The Hilliers return to India and arrive in England, where John Hillier, having taken up the title, they live at Greysdyke, the beautiful old family house. A day or two later Sylvia is startled to find that her husband has engaged as his secretary Stanhope Lane. When he arrives he shows no recognition.

Dr. Marazoff, the famous oculist, sees Hillier, and states confidently that he can restore his sight. Hillier goes to London for an operation.

AN UNEXPECTED ENCOUNTER.

Very slowly Sylvia Hillier crossed the courtyard and mounted the flight of wide steps that led to the porticoed front of the British Museum. The flock of pigeons that had scattered at her first approach, hovered and settled here and there upon the steps, expectantly craning their slender necks that gleamed iridescent in the sun.

As she pushed back the heavy swing doors a clock chimed somewhere in the distance, and she paused there in the double porch between

the glass doors to listen and count the sonorous strokes as though she expected some miracle to have been wrought and the hands of Time to have pushed on during the short space it had taken her to walk there.

Eleven o'clock. No miracle had occurred. Eleven o'clock.

And not until twelve o'clock would she know the first and immediate result of the operation that even now was being performed on Jack's eyes. An hour of waiting, an hour of suspense so keen and poignant, that surely it would have been best spent by an anxious wife upon her knees.

But for her the comfort of prayer was not possible. She seemed to have set up a barrier of lies between herself and Heaven. Every moment of her life since that night when she had obeyed the impulse of those hurrying pulses that had throbbled out "Go!" as she stood weighing Jack's letter in the balance had been a tacit lie. The thought rose up bitterly in her heart, beyond the power of remorse or forgiveness, in this moment when the life of the man she loved hung in the balance.

All the evil that her lie had wrought rose up accusingly against her. Jack's ruined life, for what would restored sight bring him but shame and disappointment. Valerie's life that had ended so untimely, so mysteriously. . . .

Grief and foreboding wrapped her about in a cloak of flame as she went slowly into the big dingy building that housed London's treasures. She hardly knew what impulse had driven her there; she only knew that the conventional rooms of the hotel were unendurable, that the teeming streets, with the curious, staring faces of the poor, and the hurried and hurried her, and that these all but empty galleries offered her a place of refuge.

She turned to her left, into the gallery of the Royal Academicians.

Their pallid faces and empty eye sockets stared at her dispassionately as she went. But to her, serene faces or faces, set with an immortal sneer, faces finely chiselled or faces of coarse and brutalised clay, were all alike. Her vision was held but by one scene. The white-tiled operating theatre in the nursing home, where surgeons and nurses went noiselessly about their work on an unconscious man, hurrying down the gallery on his way to one of the students' rooms on the left, cast an involuntary glance at the solitary figure sauntering there with such an air of dejection to its post. A puzzled look crossed his face at the sight of hers; he paused, wheeled round, raising his hat.

"Mrs. Hillier—pardon me, but surely I cannot be mistaken?"

It was Laurence Seton. In that moment Sylvia could not have told whether the feeling that rushed up over her heart was pleasure or dismay.

"No, indeed, there's no mistake! But how extraordinary that we should run up against each other here, of all places in the world, Mr. Seton!"

It was not in the least extraordinary, and she knew it. Laurence Seton was just the kind of man who would be likely to spend his furlough haunting libraries and museums, but the stumbling words were the first that rose to her lips.

"Oh, this is a famous haunt of mine," Laurence Seton told her. "But I confess you are the last person in the world I expected to find paying respect to Julius Caesar! I thought you and your husband were settled in Napur for a long, long time to come. How is Jack?"

"Then you haven't heard?"

"Not a word of either of you since we left Magalia. Not bad news, I sincerely trust, my dear child?"

"Why, yes and no."

The tears had rushed into Sylvia's eyes at the call of the affectionate concern in the grave voice. She knew now very definitely that it was pleasure that had gripped her at the sight of the familiar face. It was good to be able to open her heart to another, to drop, even for a moment, the mask that she must always wear.

"Oh, let me tell you all about it," she said impulsively, and for the moment the desire to pour out all the truth to this man, to make him at once her confessor and her judge, tore at her. Laurence Seton would understand, as no other man could understand; he would give her counsel and new strength. . . .

Then very swiftly the thought of Edith Seton, of her prying ways and her ill-concealed air of enmity came to her, and the impulse passed. But she told him a great deal, more, much more, perhaps, than she guessed, as they walked up and down in the deserted Assyrian room at the end of the gallery under the benign gaze of the winged lions and human-headed Assyrian bulls.

Laurence Seton's eyes were very full of sympathy as he listened. There was something in sympathy that in this lonely visit to the girl-wife here, among these fragments of a dead world.

He looked at her watch. "It's half-past eleven now," he said. "There is still half an hour to wait. I want you to come and have some coffee with me. No, please don't refuse," for he saw her make a swift little gesture of distaste. "I always have a cup now, and you will be doing me a kindness to keep me company."

He knew as certainly as though she had told him so that this white-faced girl had not tasted food that day. Looking at her face more closely now, he saw how the childish face was set with the seal of some inner tragedy, and his heart was stirred very greatly, for he had conceived a very great affection for this girl who had re-

sponded so instantly and so heroically to his call.

When he had written that letter with which he had enclosed John Hillier's pathetic outpourings, that had never been meant for any eyes but his own, Laurence Seton had been very uncertain as to the response it would receive.

Hillier had always been very reticent in his references to the woman to whom he was engaged, but Seton had formed his own conclusions. She was hard, a trifle worldly and very selfish—else why should she have condemned the man she loved to five years' exile since Hillier was quite in a position to justify marriage.

Then this girl had come in answer to his appeal, shattering all his preconceived notions. . . . not a woman, only a girl, tenderly womanly, full of the divine unselfishness that is the hall-mark of the pure gold of love.

What had happened to mar this marriage that had seemed so splendidly ideal? he asked himself.

Against her fastidious disinclination, for the very thought of food was repugnant to her, Sylvia went with him to the dingy restaurant, with its piles of very British-looking buns and uninspired cakes. But after the first mouthful of coffee had passed her lips, she was forced to confess that she was grateful for it.

"It has done me good. It's warm to-day, I know, but I feel horribly cold. But it is really you who have done me good, Mr. Seton. Wonder if you have any idea what a dear you are? I hope not; it would spoil you so much, you know!"

She leaned across the little marble-topped table, her grey eyes like stars, alight as they were with gratitude and affection. Again Laurence Seton felt that strange, new feeling stirring in his heart, like an imprisoned pain. "You mustn't flatter a battered old medical missionary like that, it might go to his head, Lady Hillier," he said.

She frowned faintly. "Don't call me that." It had been on the tip of her tongue to ask him to call her by the name to which she had no right, and at this thought the blood came painfully into her cheeks. "You can't think how I hate the title and the fuss and all the detestable money," she said vehemently.

And there was a desperate urgency in voice and look that again roused Seton's curiosity. What was this tragedy? No material trouble. Evidently, this travail was of the soul.

She rose abruptly.

"I must go now. Thank you so much, Mr. Seton. You have actually given me courage to go back and hear the truth."

"The truth will be very pleasant hearing. I am sure of that," he said, rising also. "I don't often indulge in the role of prophet, but I do so now unhesitatingly. Remember, I can speak professionally. I failed in my diagnosis. But Dr. Marazoff never fails! I can assure you he is not the man to undertake an operation that he is not certain will succeed."

"How strange! Everyone says that," she said dully. "Is it possible that there can be any man who never fails?"

The hopelessness in her tone amazed him. "I am going to walk back with you, if I may," he said.

THE VERDICT.

THEY passed into the big entrance hall. Over the arch the clock showed ten minutes to twelve. They would be at the door of the nursing home on the very stroke of the hour, then.

As they went across the courtyard Sylvia strove to speak naturally. She felt that this man was watching her, that something unusual in her manner had stimulated his professional curiosity. Presently, she felt, he would subject her to some subtle form of questioning, probing mentally, as the deft fingers of a surgeon probe for the wince that would disclose the presence of her hidden wounds.

"Is Miss Seton with you? Forgive me for not asking for her before, but my thoughts are all astray to-day."

"No. Edith is in the country. As a matter of fact, she has taken up some work—she found her leisure hang very heavy on her busy hands. She is looking after some children in Hampshire—two little girls, daughters of Sir George Clair."

Sylvia's breath came a little quickly. The net of the past seemed closing round her, mesh on mesh. She remembered for the second time that morning, and very acutely, a certain snake-like movement of the lip that was characteristic of Edith Seton, and a certain malicious look she had surprised on the pinched face that day in the bungalow at Magalia when the missionary's sister had surprised her standing by Jack's chair with Valerie's unopened letter in her hand.

Then even these thoughts, with their hateful significance and fears, were blotted out. They had reached the square now, where the plane trees reared their green heads in defiance of London smoke, and had halted at the foot of the steps leading to the white door with the gleaming brass knocker.

Seton did not wait to ask permission. He ran up the steps and knocked at the door. It was opened instantly.

"No, no, I won't go in," Sylvia said faintly in answer to the butler. "Ask one of the nurses to speak to me here."

(Continued on page 11.)

GREAT WINTER SALE

Begins TO-MORROW.

Reductions which are, in nearly every case, actually 75 per cent. below the normal prices, all over Department with wonderful bargains, and make this Sale a truly notable event.

- Exceptionally Smart Model Gowns in Taffeta and Grenadines, Navy, Saxe and Cinnamon. Originally 3 gns. and 4 gns. All One Price **25/-**
- Only, **Coney Seal coats**, three-quarter and full length, silk lined. Usually 5 gns. and 6 gns. Sale Price **70/-**
- 7,000 yards of good **Velveteen**, to be cleared, in all the leading shades—Black, Navy, Saxe, Reseda, Purple, &c. Usual value, 1/6d. Sale Price, per yard **1/-**
- Odd lot of **Fleecy and Knitted Caps**, exceptional value, many worth 2/11. Sale Price (to clear) **4d.**
- A large stock of **Semi-trimmed and Un-trimmed Felts**, in Black and various shades. Usual prices 1/11 to 2/11. All Reduced to (each) **6d.**
- 60 only, **Down Quilts**, well filled, covered printed Sateen, with plain Sateen Panels. Full size. Usual Price 18/11. Sale Price **12/11**
- 67 large size **Wicker Chairs**, upholstered in good Cretonnes, with Saxe Cushion. Usual price 6/6. Sale Price **4/11**

Ladies' All-Wool Sports Coat, smart coat design, with collar, belt, straps and sleeves of silk. In Black/White, Saxe and White, Purple/White, Tan/White, Navy/White, Emerald/White. Usual price, 9/11. Post Free. Sale Price **5/-** free.

The Argonne. Black Velvet smart, embroidered in floss silk or pen painting finished with ribbon. Usual price, 7/11. Post Free. Sale Price **4/-**

Smart Oriental Bedroom Slippers, well made, with string soles, trimmed button. Worth double. Sale Price, per pair, post free, **1/-**

The Alberta—Smart Military Robe in Black velvet, trimmed Saxe, Green and Fur and Black silk braided ornament. Worth 8/11. Sale Price **4/-**

Please Write for Sale List

TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON, W.



Lord Leven.

Leslie-Melville, at Kirtlington Park, Oxfordshire. Before leaving London on Wednesday Lord Leven was received by the King, to whom he told the story of his wonderful escape disguised as a Belgian.

A Monkey Ceiling.

Kirtlington, a fine Italian mansion, was purchased by his brother, the late Earl, sold Roehampton House. It belonged to Sir George Dashwood, and was built about 1754 by Sir James Dashwood. It has some magnificent apartments. One, the "Monkey Room," has a ceiling showing monkeys engaged in sport, and is similar to that painted by the same artist, Clermont, at Monkey Island, near Taplow. The Kirtlington ceiling is much finer and better preserved than the Monkey Island one, the colours being as bright and fresh as though painted yesterday instead of over a century and a half ago.

A Secret.

I can tell you a great secret. The war is to last two years longer. I know because in an omnibus on Christmas afternoon a lady informed her friend on the opposite seat, in confidence—and in a loud voice—that at the house of her brother-in-law's sister, who married Lord —, Lord Kitchener was dining only last week, and he told Lady Dash—in confidence—that peace could not be declared a day before December, 1916. So now you know—but hush! Only you and I and twelve other people who were in the omnibus know!

The Latest Eore.

But, talking seriously, this "confidential information" mania is becoming a great bore. Everywhere one goes nowadays one is made to listen to stories in awesome whispers of what "my own cousin's great friend, whose brother is in the Admiralty," has to say on the real meaning of the Scarborough affair; or what "my aunt's oldest friend, whose husband is in the confidence of Lord Kitchener," has to say about Ypres.

Those Confidences.

Or else some amazing nonentity, proclaiming in a loud voice her remote relationship to Sir John Jellicoe, will lecture the assembled multitude on the true inwardness of the naval situation, concluding with: "I know, you see, because Sir John . . . well, you can take it from me that it is so." After all, few of us are quite so simple as to believe that Kitchener and Jellicoe confide State secrets to tenth cousins or take into their confidence anybody who babbles even unimportant items of office routine to friends of first cousins of loquacious aunts.

Wanted to Lose His Eye.

Sometimes I realise what a terribly unprogressive place London is: on Saturday, for instance, when I met an American friend wandering down the Strand with one of the finest specimens of a black eye I have ever seen. "And I can't find one man in all your city who can paint it for me," he complained bitterly.

The Way They Have in U.S.A.

Then I began to ask questions. It seems he had been in a motor smash in the fog of the night before, and was dining on Saturday night with some newly-made friends whom he didn't care to face with his wonderful sable eye. In New York, he explained, there are scores of establishments for black eye painting. For fifty cents—a couple of shillings—you can have the blackest black eye painted out with grease paint. At election and holiday times the trade is a huge one, yet here in barbarous London not a soul could he make to understand his needs.

Black Eye Remover.

So I took him along to an actor friend, who did a little fancy work with his make-up box, and my American friend departed happy and apparently unbruised. The actor says the world now offers new possibilities. The next time he is out of work he is going to take an office, hang out a sign—"Black eyes painted out at half a crown a time"—and make a fortune.

Our Friends the Dutch.

I have a friend who spent his Christmas in Holland, where he went to see an interned relative at Groningen. I lunched with him yesterday, and he gave me some interesting gossip of his trip. Ninety per cent. of the Dutch people are pro-English, he tells me, and it is not long before one has evidence of their kindly feelings for the Britons. Walking along the station platform at Flushing he asked an official how long it took to get to Utrecht. "It is not so far as Tipperary," was the astonishing reply. "We all know the song here—we are with you, you know," said the cheery Dutchman.

The Ubiquitous "Tipperary."

A few days later, looking in at a café in a small Dutch town, he found a small entertainment in progress. A man was playing the piano and another man was singing—the song was "Tipperary"! Everybody there joined in the chorus, and when the song was finished there was loud and prolonged applause.

't Is Zoo'n Lange Weg Naar Tipperary.

"Tipperary" is such a favourite in Holland that copies of the Dutch version of the song are sold in the streets for 10 cents—two pence. The chorus as the Dutchman sings it goes like this:—

't Is zoo ver weg naar Tipperary.
't Is zoo ver hier van dan.
't Is zoo ver weg naar Tipperary.
Oud naar mijn Molly heen te gaan.
Adieu, Piccadilly. Vaarwel, Leicester square.
't Is zoo'n lange weg naar Tipperary.
Maar m'n hart is daar.

Two footnotes are added to the translation—one explains that Leicester-square is to be pronounced "L'Certers Kweere;" the other that "Paddy" is the English name for an Irish soldier.

No War There.

To a Londoner used to living in the gloom of half-extinguished and blackened lights, the brightness of the Dutch towns is a relief, he says. "The glare of the restaurants and cafés and arc lamps makes one instinctively think of Zeppelins, but—one realises it with a shock—the country is not at war! Although Holland is mobilised and ready at a moment's notice for any emergency, everything is going on as in the days of peace. It is curious to be able to sit in a restaurant after ten o'clock.

You Must Be Neutral.

"The Dutch people do not appear to worry about spies. After travelling in France and even visiting the naval towns of England one expects to be looked upon with suspicion and occasionally suffer arrest. But in Holland there is a different atmosphere altogether. There is only one thing one may not do, and that is to wear colours. An Englishman or a German who sports a small national flag in his buttonhole is sure to be reprimanded by the Dutch police and requested to remove it at once."

Football for the Prisoners.

Four of the footballs sent to me for the soldiers and sailors I sent by my friend to Holland, where 1,700 of our men are interned. I hear that the footballs were received with wild enthusiasm by the men. The weather is now very cold at Groningen, and "Soccer" is easily the most popular game in the camp. The four balls presented by *Daily Mirror* readers will enable several more football elevens to be formed. I am going to send them some more.

Football for the Troops.

Because of the Christmas posts and the Christmas holidays, and all the upsetting of routine those things mean, I am going to call a Christmas truce to the footballs-for-"Tommy" campaign to-day. To-morrow I am coming back to the fight with the latest figures and details of the attack and defence. But we are well into the seventh hundred now, and I want to finish that hundred before the year closes. Will you help?

Obsolete.

I was looking through an obsolete book—Baedeker's "Belgium and Holland"—yesterday. That guide-book, like many others, will want a lot of rewriting before the next tourist season in Europe begins. But I was interested to see what German Herr Baedeker had to say about the Belgian Army. "It is destined on principle only for the defence of the country and of the neutrality assured to it by the Treaty of London," he says. I wonder how Herr Baedeker will rewrite his notes on the Belgian Army in the next edition—that is, if there ever is one.

Herrings or Battleships?

Some of our spy-shy censors have been scenting dangers in certain messages that have come from America over British cables to fish merchants in Holland. The firm of Otto L. Kuehn, of Milwaukee, have been cabling orders for pickled herrings and other fearsome dishes, and the censors have delayed some of them for further inquiries, and Milwaukee is getting quite cross about it all.

Pity the Poor Censor.

Still, there is something to be said for the tired censor, who finds words like Kieler Sprotten, Ganselerbierwurst, Bismarck Heringe and Westphalischer Schinken coming to him over the wires at two in the morning. They might just as well be German battleships or generals as the unappetising raw food which they represent. And from Otto Kuehn, of Milwaukee, too!

Midinette and Soldier Lover.

"The Paris midinette is sometimes very naive," writes a friend in Paris. "A nice-looking girl entered the marriage bureau of the Second Civic District the other day and asked the employee if it were true that the marriage formalities had been simplified since the war. 'Yes, mademoiselle,' was the reply. 'Then I should like to be married. My papers are all right.' 'And your fiancé?' 'He's at the front.' 'But he cannot come to Paris, mademoiselle.' 'Must he, then, be here?' 'Of course.' 'Oh, then, they haven't simplified it so much, after all!'"

Proof of Russia's Work.

Of course, we always will have Doubting Thomas in our midst, and one of the first things he will ask is: "Well, what are the Russians doing?" References to official statements are only met by wise looks and much head shaking. But at last I have come across absolute proof of the terror that Russia has inspired in East Prussia. Going through some German newspapers, I see that Baron von Batocki, who is acting as Governor-General of East Prussia, announces that the Kaiser's pet province has lost no fewer than 250,000 inhabitants, who fled at the approach of the Russians.

Dick.

If you go to the Palladium any afternoon just now you will see a very charming Dick Whittington in the person of Miss Clarice Mayne, who has deserted temporarily her familiar style of entertainment to be principal boy in the children's annual play, Miss Mayne's husband, Mr. James W. Tate, the dancing conductor, is also there, and he gets fun as well as melody out of the orchestra.

Miss Clarice Mayne.

This and That.

Miss Mayne first captured public favour while acting in pantomime at Glasgow. Her husband was then conducting the orchestra. Their first big success together was a sprightly song, "Will He Answer Goo Goo?" In those days they used to be known as "This and That."

Huns and Nuns.

A Southampton correspondent is a little good-naturedly impatient with me because I sometimes call the German a Hun. He says that people don't know what Huns are—at least, in Southampton, where he heard "an intelligent citizen" explain that Huns are "religious ladies who never marry and who wear a kind of black overall with a piece of frilling round the face." Really, really, if I lived in Southampton I don't think I would admit that a fellow-townsmen who did not know the difference between a Hun and a nun was intelligent. It infers a terrible condition in the unintelligent Southamptonian. What does he think a Hun is?

Easier To Get Than To Get Rid Of.

"All or none" is, of course, the rule in the Navy in the matter of hair on the face. But Jack is even further beset with rules. If he is clean-shaven and meditates a change he has to ask the captain if he may grow a beard and moustache. The answer is almost invariably "Yes." If, later, he wants to "take it off," he has again to ask permission, and the answer is often "No." THE RAMBLER.

WELLWORTH MANUFACTURING FUR CO., 149, Cheapside, London

(Lift in Attendance.) FIRST FLOOR SHOWROOMS. (Close to St. Paul's Churchyard, our only address.)

Great FUR SALE

The Entire Stock of Made-up Fur Garments to be cleared at unprecedented reductions. Send now for Fur Sale Catalogue and secure a bargain.

Typical Examples of Our Drastic Reductions—

Charming Real Sable Necklet and Muff. Usual price 15 gns. Sale Price **£11**
Fashionable Black Fox Stole and Muff. Usual price 12 gns. Sale Price **8 gns.**
Natural Squirrel Skin Stole and Skin Muff. Usual price 8 gns. Sale Price **6 gns.**
The yd. Sale Price Natural Squirrel Skin Stole and Muff. Usual price 18 gns. Sale Price **£12**
Real Ermine Necklets. Usual prices 8/6, 5/6, 2/6, 2/6. Sale Prices 6/6, 3/6, 2/6, 2/2.
W 722—Charming Fur Stole and Muff. in Cross Silver Fox. Usual price 8 gns. Sale Price (the Set) **8/4**
Send at once for Sale Fur Catalogue, post free.

W 193—Square Millinery Mount in Skunk Colour. Usual price 2/6. Sale Price **1/3**

Send at once for Sale Fur Catalogue, post free.

W 278—Black soft, silky Fur set. Usual price 21/6. Sale Price **15/9**

W 1098—Handsome Brown Bear Stole and Muff, good hair-wearing skins. Usual price 8/6, 10/6, 12/6. Sale Price (the Set) **5/0**

W 546—Handsome Sable Fitch Stole and Muff, full soft skins. Usual price 8 gns. Sale Price **4 gns.**

W 7012—Fashionable Seal Coat and Fur Coat, in fine bright skins. Usual price 8 gns. Sale Price **5 gns.**

W 2—Special Bargain in Natural Grey Squirrel Scarf and Muff, lined silk. Usual price 37/6. Sale Price **28/2**

Send at once for Sale Fur Catalogue, post free.

W 278—Black soft, silky Fur set. Usual price 21/6. Sale Price **15/9**

W 1098—Handsome Brown Bear Stole and Muff, good hair-wearing skins. Usual price 8/6, 10/6, 12/6. Sale Price (the Set) **5/0**

W 546—Handsome Sable Fitch Stole and Muff, full soft skins. Usual price 8 gns. Sale Price **4 gns.**

W 7012—Fashionable Seal Coat and Fur Coat, in fine bright skins. Usual price 8 gns. Sale Price **5 gns.**

Send at once for Sale Fur Catalogue, post free.

W 278—Black soft, silky Fur set. Usual price 21/6. Sale Price **15/9**

W 1098—Handsome Brown Bear Stole and Muff, good hair-wearing skins. Usual price 8/6, 10/6, 12/6. Sale Price (the Set) **5/0**

W 546—Handsome Sable Fitch Stole and Muff, full soft skins. Usual price 8 gns. Sale Price **4 gns.**

W 7012—Fashionable Seal Coat and Fur Coat, in fine bright skins. Usual price 8 gns. Sale Price **5 gns.**

Send at once for Sale Fur Catalogue, post free.

W 278—Black soft, silky Fur set. Usual price 21/6. Sale Price **15/9**

W 1098—Handsome Brown Bear Stole and Muff, good hair-wearing skins. Usual price 8/6, 10/6, 12/6. Sale Price (the Set) **5/0**

W 546—Handsome Sable Fitch Stole and Muff, full soft skins. Usual price 8 gns. Sale Price **4 gns.**

W 7012—Fashionable Seal Coat and Fur Coat, in fine bright skins. Usual price 8 gns. Sale Price **5 gns.**

Send at once for Sale Fur Catalogue, post free.

W 278—Black soft, silky Fur set. Usual price 21/6. Sale Price **15/9**

W 1098—Handsome Brown Bear Stole and Muff, good hair-wearing skins. Usual price 8/6, 10/6, 12/6. Sale Price (the Set) **5/0**

W 546—Handsome Sable Fitch Stole and Muff, full soft skins. Usual price 8 gns. Sale Price **4 gns.**

W 7012—Fashionable Seal Coat and Fur Coat, in fine bright skins. Usual price 8 gns. Sale Price **5 gns.**

Send at once for Sale Fur Catalogue, post free.

W 278—Black soft, silky Fur set. Usual price 21/6. Sale Price **15/9**

W 1098—Handsome Brown Bear Stole and Muff, good hair-wearing skins. Usual price 8/6, 10/6, 12/6. Sale Price (the Set) **5/0**

W 546—Handsome Sable Fitch Stole and Muff, full soft skins. Usual price 8 gns. Sale Price **4 gns.**

W 7012—Fashionable Seal Coat and Fur Coat, in fine bright skins. Usual price 8 gns. Sale Price **5 gns.**

Send at once for Sale Fur Catalogue, post free.

W 278—Black soft, silky Fur set. Usual price 21/6. Sale Price **15/9**

W 1098—Handsome Brown Bear Stole and Muff, good hair-wearing skins. Usual price 8/6, 10/6, 12/6. Sale Price (the Set) **5/0**

W 546—Handsome Sable Fitch Stole and Muff, full soft skins. Usual price 8 gns. Sale Price **4 gns.**

W 7012—Fashionable Seal Coat and Fur Coat, in fine bright skins. Usual price 8 gns. Sale Price **5 gns.**

Send at once for Sale Fur Catalogue, post free.

W 278—Black soft, silky Fur set. Usual price 21/6. Sale Price **15/9**

W 1098—Handsome Brown Bear Stole and Muff, good hair-wearing skins. Usual price 8/6, 10/6, 12/6. Sale Price (the Set) **5/0**

W 546—Handsome Sable Fitch Stole and Muff, full soft skins. Usual price 8 gns. Sale Price **4 gns.**

W 7012—Fashionable Seal Coat and Fur Coat, in fine bright skins. Usual price 8 gns. Sale Price **5 gns.**

Send at once for Sale Fur Catalogue, post free.

W 278—Black soft, silky Fur set. Usual price 21/6. Sale Price **15/9**

W 1098—Handsome Brown Bear Stole and Muff, good hair-wearing skins. Usual price 8/6, 10/6, 12/6. Sale Price (the Set) **5/0**

W 546—Handsome Sable Fitch Stole and Muff, full soft skins. Usual price 8 gns. Sale Price **4 gns.**

W 7012—Fashionable Seal Coat and Fur Coat, in fine bright skins. Usual price 8 gns. Sale Price **5 gns.**

Send at once for Sale Fur Catalogue, post free.

W 278—Black soft, silky Fur set. Usual price 21/6. Sale Price **15/9**

W 1098—Handsome Brown Bear Stole and Muff, good hair-wearing skins. Usual price 8/6, 10/6, 12/6. Sale Price (the Set) **5/0**

W 546—Handsome Sable Fitch Stole and Muff, full soft skins. Usual price 8 gns. Sale Price **4 gns.**

W 7012—Fashionable Seal Coat and Fur Coat, in fine bright skins. Usual price 8 gns. Sale Price **5 gns.**

Send at once for Sale Fur Catalogue, post free.

W 278—Black soft, silky Fur set. Usual price 21/6. Sale Price **15/9**

W 1098—Handsome Brown Bear Stole and Muff, good hair-wearing skins. Usual price 8/6, 10/6, 12/6. Sale Price (the Set) **5/0**

W 546—Handsome Sable Fitch Stole and Muff, full soft skins. Usual price 8 gns. Sale Price **4 gns.**

W 7012—Fashionable Seal Coat and Fur Coat, in fine bright skins. Usual price 8 gns. Sale Price **5 gns.**

Send at once for Sale Fur Catalogue, post free.

W 278—Black soft, silky Fur set. Usual price 21/6. Sale Price **15/9**

W 1098—Handsome Brown Bear Stole and Muff, good hair-wearing skins. Usual price 8/6, 10/6, 12/6. Sale Price (the Set) **5/0**

W 546—Handsome Sable Fitch Stole and Muff, full soft skins. Usual price 8 gns. Sale Price **4 gns.**

W 7012—Fashionable Seal Coat and Fur Coat, in fine bright skins. Usual price 8 gns. Sale Price **5 gns.**

Send at once for Sale Fur Catalogue, post free.

W 278—Black soft, silky Fur set. Usual price 21/6. Sale Price **15/9**

W 1098—Handsome Brown Bear Stole and Muff, good hair-wearing skins. Usual price 8/6, 10/6, 12/6. Sale Price (the Set) **5/0**

W 546—Handsome Sable Fitch Stole and Muff, full soft skins. Usual price 8 gns. Sale Price **4 gns.**

W 7012—Fashionable Seal Coat and Fur Coat, in fine bright skins. Usual price 8 gns. Sale Price **5 gns.**

Send at once for Sale Fur Catalogue, post free.

W 278—Black soft, silky Fur set. Usual price 21/6. Sale Price **15/9**

W 1098—Handsome Brown Bear Stole and Muff, good hair-wearing skins. Usual price 8/6, 10/6, 12/6. Sale Price (the Set) **5/0**

W 546—Handsome Sable Fitch Stole and Muff, full soft skins. Usual price 8 gns. Sale Price **4 gns.**

W 7012—Fashionable Seal Coat and Fur Coat, in fine bright skins. Usual price 8 gns. Sale Price **5 gns.**

Send at once for Sale Fur Catalogue, post free.

W 278—Black soft, silky Fur set. Usual price 21/6. Sale Price **15/9**

W 1098—Handsome Brown Bear Stole and Muff, good hair-wearing skins. Usual price 8/6, 10/6, 12/6. Sale Price (the Set) **5/0**

W 546—Handsome Sable Fitch Stole and Muff, full soft skins. Usual price 8 gns. Sale Price **4 gns.**

W 7012—Fashionable Seal Coat and Fur Coat, in fine bright skins. Usual price 8 gns. Sale Price **5 gns.**

Send at once for Sale Fur Catalogue, post free.

W 278—Black soft, silky Fur set. Usual price 21/6. Sale Price **15/9**

W 1098—Handsome Brown Bear Stole and Muff, good hair-wearing skins. Usual price 8/6, 10/6, 12/6. Sale Price (the Set) **5/0**

W 546—Handsome Sable Fitch Stole and Muff, full soft skins. Usual price 8 gns. Sale Price **4 gns.**

W 7012—Fashionable Seal Coat and Fur Coat, in fine bright skins. Usual price 8 gns. Sale Price **5 gns.**

Send at once for Sale Fur Catalogue, post free.

W 278—Black soft, silky Fur set. Usual price 21/6. Sale Price **15/9**

W 1098—Handsome Brown Bear Stole and Muff, good hair-wearing skins. Usual price 8/6, 10/6, 12/6. Sale Price (the Set) **5/0**

W 546—Handsome Sable Fitch Stole and Muff, full soft skins. Usual price 8 gns. Sale Price **4 gns.**

W 7012—Fashionable Seal Coat and Fur Coat, in fine bright skins. Usual price 8 gns. Sale Price **5 gns.**

Send at once for Sale Fur Catalogue, post free.

W 278—Black soft, silky Fur set. Usual price 21/6. Sale Price **15/9**

W 1098—Handsome Brown Bear Stole and Muff, good hair-wearing skins. Usual price 8/6, 10/6, 12/6. Sale Price (the Set) **5/0**

W 546—Handsome Sable Fitch Stole and Muff, full soft skins. Usual price 8 gns. Sale Price **4 gns.**

W 7012—Fashionable Seal Coat and Fur Coat, in fine bright skins. Usual price 8 gns. Sale Price **5 gns.**

Send at once for Sale Fur Catalogue, post free.

W 278—Black soft, silky Fur set. Usual price 21/6. Sale Price **15/9**

W 1098—Handsome Brown Bear Stole and Muff, good hair-wearing skins. Usual price 8/6, 10/6, 12/6. Sale Price (the Set) **5/0**

W 546—Handsome Sable Fitch Stole and Muff, full soft skins. Usual price 8 gns. Sale Price **4 gns.**

W 7012—Fashionable Seal Coat and Fur Coat, in fine bright skins. Usual price 8

ENJOYING CHRISTMAS AT THE FRONT.



Mr. Tommy Atkins is not spending all his time in the trenches. He finds spare moments in which to kiss nice old ladies under the mistletoe and also to pluck the Christmas goose.

NEWS ITEMS.

Birth of Italian Princess.

The Queen of Italy has given birth to a daughter, her fourth child, says a yesterday's Rome message.

Clearing Coast of Spies.

Firmer measures regarding espionage are expected and aliens, it is reported, are to be removed at least eight miles from the north-east coast.

A Khaki Bride.

When Captain Harold Smith, of the 7th Buffs, was married at Chertsey, Surrey, on Saturday to Miss Scott Moncrieff, the bride, bridegroom, the bride's brother, and the best man were all dressed in khaki.

Duke's Son Missing.

Among the officers given as missing in the casualty list from the front, under date December 24, is Captain Lord J. T. Stewart Murray, of the Cameron Highlanders, who is a son of the Duke of Atholl.

Tragedy of Mined Steamer.

A Dutch steamer, the *Loersum*, was reported yesterday to have struck a mine between Scarborough and Filey and foundered, two of the crew of nineteen being drowned, while the remainder were landed at Scarborough.

SATURDAY'S FOOTBALL.

THE LEAGUE—Division I: Tottenham H. (h) 6, Sheffield Wed. 1; Liverpool (h) 1, Manchester United 1; Newcastle United (h) 4, Sunderland 2; Manchester City (h) 2, Chelsea 1; Blackburn Rovers 2, Sheffield United (h) 1; Notts County (h) 5, Middlesbrough 1; Everton 1, Bradford City (h) 0; Oldham Athletic (h) 6, Bradford 2; Bolton Wanderers 1, Aston Villa (h) 1; West Bromwich Albion (h) 3, Burnley 0.

THE LEAGUE—Division II: Barnsley (h) 1, Clapton Orient 0; Birmingham 3, Bury (h) 1; Derby County 1, Notts Forest 0; Hull City 2, Wolverhampton Wanderers (h) 1; Preston North End (h) 0, Lincoln City 0; Huddersfield Town (h) 5, Blackpool 0; Leeds City (h) 5, Glossop 0; The Arsenal (h) 6, Leicester Forest 0; Fulham (h) 1, Stockport County 0; Bristol City (h) 7, Grimsby Town 0.

SOUTHERN LEAGUE—Division I: Norwich City (h) 4, Gillingham 0; Crystal Palace (h) 1, Southend United 1; Millwall Athletic 1, Crystal Palace (h) 0; West Ham United (h) 2, Brighton and Hove Albion 1; Swindon Town (h) 1, Reading 1; Southampton (h) 4, Portsmouth 2; Luton Town (h) 3, Northampton 0; Exeter City (h) 4, Watford 1; Queen's Park Rangers (h) 2, Bristol Rovers 1; Cardiff City 2, Plymouth Argyle 0.

SOUTHERN LEAGUE—Division II: Llanelli (h) 6, Pontypriod 0; Merthyr Town (h) 2, Swansea Town 1; Newport (h) 15, Aberystwyth 0; Stalybridge Celtic 5, Ebbs Vale 0.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE—Motherwell (h) 1, Aberdeen 1; Kilmarnock (h) 2, Airdrieonians 1; Greenock Morton (h) 3, Ayr 0; Celtic (h) 5, Hamilton 1; Dumbarton (h) 2, Clyde 1; St. Mirren (h) 2, Falkirk 0; Heart of Midlothian (h) 4, Raith Rovers 0; Partick Thistle (h) 5, Queen's Park 0; Third Lanark (h) 1, Glasgow Rangers 1; Hibernians 4, Dundee (h) 0.

NORTHERN UNION LEAGUE—Barnesley (h) 7 pts., Oldham 5; Salford 5, Swinton 3; Rochdale (h) 12, Halifax 5; Wigan 15, St. Helens 6; Widnes 17, Runcorn (h) 5; Leeds 13, Hunslet (h) 8; Bradford 15, Bramley (h) 6; Keighley (h) 5, Barrow 0; Batley 12, Hull 5; Wakefield 10, Wakefield 10; Huddersfield 14, Hull 14; Kingston Rovers (h) 8; Leigh 13, York (h) 12.

SELECTIONS FOR WOLVERHAMPTON.

1. 5.—Dunstable Hurdle—SIBERTIAN.
- 1.35.—Shifnal Steeplechase—COMFORT.
2. 5.—Shrewsbury Steeplechase—THRALDOM.
- 2.35.—Holiday Hurdle—VARIETY LAD.
2. 5.—Wolverhampton Hurdle—CLACK 'CLACK.
- 3.30.—Mim Steeplechase—STARWAY.

DOUBLE EVENT FOR TO-DAY.

*SIBERTIAN AND VARIETY LAD. BOUVERIE.

SATURDAY'S WINNERS AND PRICES.

| KEMPTON. | | | |
|-----------------------|--------|----------------|-----------|
| Race. | Price. | Winner. | Jockey. |
| Kew Hurdle (5) | 2/1 | Pankration | Avila |
| Household Chase (h) | 7/4 | Comique | Watkinson |
| Maiden Chase (h) | 5/0 | Fleeting Peace | Behan |
| Christmas Hdl (h) | 7/4 | Scorpion | Scott |
| Vampion Chase (h) | 7/4 | Ebonette | Butler |
| Almond Hill (7) | 4/9 | Eikon | Dunhill |
| Sutton Chase (h) | 5/1 | Andy White | W. Smith |
| Canal Hdl (7) | 7/4 | Royal Visit | Goswell |
| Holiday Chase (h) | 4/9 | Quesnel | Tomlinson |
| Cheshire Hdl (h) | 4/5 | Boat Race | Goswell |
| Westminster Chase (h) | 6/4 | Mask Off | McFrimmen |
| Maiden Hdl (h) | 2/5 | Vesperillo | Parmenter |

At the Ring on Saturday night Willie Farrell caused a little excitement by retreating the COMBAT round. To-night the chief event is a twenty rounds contest between Duke Lynch and Joe Starmer.

The Two Letters.

(Continued from page 9.)

She leaned against one of the pillared supports of the door, waiting.

Almost immediately a nurse came, fresh and spotless looking in her pale blue linen gown and snowy apron and cap.

"The nurse, so far, is excellent, Lady Hillier," she said. "Dr. Marazoff is more than satisfied. Sir John is going on very well indeed. But, of course, it is very soon, you know, to speak with perfect certainty."

"When shall you be able to do that?"

"There was something terrible in the toneless voice."

The nurse looked at Sylvia with professional solicitude.

"I expect that Dr. Marazoff will wish to see you himself," she said. "He spoke of telephoning to you a moment or two ago. But, Lady Hillier, won't you come in and rest."

"No, thank you. I wish to be alone."

Sylvia bowed formally and turned away without a word or a look at Laurence Seton, who stood aside, waiting.

The missionary made no attempt to follow her then. He realised that she must be alone.

But the look on the white face appalled him. He had seen that look on the face of a woman who has received joyful news, but of a criminal who has received the verdict of condemnation.

Sylvia hardly knew how she made her way back to the hotel. There was only one desire in the desire was not to be gratified. She had only reached her bedroom and was dismissing her maid, when the nurse came that Dr. Marazoff waited to see her in the lounge.

She went down at once to speak to him. The big Russian was radiant. His fine eyes blazed with enthusiasm. He caught her hands in both his own.

"Madame, I bring you magnificent news. Heaven has given you back the sight of your husband!"

He waited, like the spoiled child of fortune that he was, to receive the praise for the act he had just accredited to Providence.

"Oh, but are you sure?" Sylvia cried trembling. "Are you sure?"

"Madame, absolutely!" He stared at this unaccountable Englishwoman who received good news trembling and stricken-looking. "In three weeks' time, I promise you, the bandages may be removed."

"Three weeks? Not before three weeks?"

"The doctor would make a gesture of impatience. But certainly, madame, they might be removed to-morrow—if you wish your husband to remain blind for all eternity. But—in three weeks, with all due care and freedom from any mental worry, the bandages can be removed from the eyes of a whole man."

He took up his hat and gloves.

"Madame, I wish you good morning." His tone was almost ludicrous in its air of offended dignity. Only just in time did Sylvia recover her self-command.

"Doctor—how can we ever thank you?" she cried brokenly. "It is true, then, what all the world says of you—that you never fail!"

"At least in this instance, madame, I have not failed," he said, relaxing under her praise. Then Jack would see—he would be again the man he once had been. Oh, thank Heaven for that!

But there were tears in her eyes, tears that she could not hold back—tears wrung from her by the wreckage of the secret, selfish hope she never actually acknowledged to herself until that moment.

There will be another fine instant to-morrow.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH.

LADY Reid's Art Society Ltd.—Gas, 2s.; teeth at hospital price, weekly—Call or write, Sec. 524, Orchard St., Marble Arch. Tel. Mayfair 5559.

AVIARIES, POULTRY AND PETS.

SENTRY Dogs, as supplied British Army; police dogs; Airedales, for Aberdeen, Irish terriers; 5 gns. pups 2 gns.—Major Richardson's Kennels, Grovend, Harrow.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

PIANOS—Boyd, Ltd., supply their high-class British pianos for cash or 10s. 6d. per month; catalogue price catalogue free—Boyd, 19, Holborn, London, E.C.

MISCELLANEOUS.

DRUNKARD3 Cured quickly, secretly; cost trifling; free.—Carlton Chemists' Co., 522, Birmingham.



Best New Year Gift for Your Friends.

Seventy pages every week, twenty pages packed full of photographs, including the most remarkable war pictures now being published—could you imagine any finer New Year gift for your friends than the

"Overseas Daily Mirror"

(Six daily issues bound in a pictorial cover)

Won't they be delighted to see the photographs of the Canadian, Australian, Indian and other overseas troops. Take out a subscription to-day—rates as follows: CANADA, 12 months £1, 6 months 10s.; ALL OTHER PARTS, 12 months £1 10s., 6 months 15s.

The Manager, "Daily Mirror Overseas Edition," 23-25, Boulevard Street, London, E.C.

I enclose Please send the "Overseas Daily Mirror" for to the Address below: (Name and Address of Addressee)

..... (Name and Address of Sender)

PERSONAL.

"FORGET-ME-NOT" £1 a Day Competition—Thursday's Winner is: Miss M. Cartwright, Broadmoor House, Clarendon.

"FORGET-ME-NOT" £1 a Day Competition—Wednesday's winners are: Miss M. Taylor, Trevelyan Cottage, Malvern; Charles Hawtree in a MESSAGE FROM MARS.

HAIR permanently removed from face with electricity: ladies only—Florence Wood, 105, Regent-st. W.

LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

AMBASSADORS—At 8.15. Harry Grattan's Revue ODDS AND ENDS. Preceded by Miss Hanako in "Odds."

APOLLO—2.30, 8.30. Mats. To-day, Wed. Thurs. and Sat. 2.30.

COMEDY—Even. 8.15. Mats. To-day, Wed. Sat. 2.30.

DALEY'S, Leicester-square. EVENINGS, at 8. Mats. Weds. and Sat. at 8. GEORGE WARDEN'S COUNTRY GIRL. (Special Reduced Price) DRURY LANE. Twice Daily, 1.30 and 7.30.

DUKE OF YORKS—To-day, at 2. CHARLES FRONMAN presents PETER PAN, by J. M. Barrie. 11th Year MATINEES EVERY DAY at 2 and THURS. and SAT. EVENINGS at 8.

THE DOUBLE MYSTERY. Arthur Bourchier and G. L. G. in "The Double Mystery." GLOBE—OSCAR ASCHÉ and LILY BRAYTON in "MAMMENA." Twice Daily, at 2 and 8.

HAYMARKET—2.30 and 8. THE FLAG LIEUTENANT. ALLAN AWNESWORTH, ELLIS JEFFERIES, GODFREY TEAGLE. Mats. Thurs. Sat. 2.30. 8.15. 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY—BEAUTIFUL. George Garside, Will Evans, Bertram Wallis. Box-office open day. Gerrard 2689.

THE DYNASTY, by Thomas Hardy. Abridged and produced by G. H. C. in "The Dynasties." LITTLE THEATRE. To-day, and DAILY, at 2.30. A real Children's Play, the success of the Xmas Child, half-price.

LYRIC THEATRE. THE EARL AND THE GIRL. To-day and TWICE DAILY, 2.30 and 7.30. Lessee, Mr. Cyril Maude.

PLAYHOUSE. To-day, at 2 and 8. Twice Daily. LITTLE LORD FAINTLY. Trams and Trains to the door.

Popular Prices. Box-office 10 to 10. Tel. City 5162, Ger. 3970. PRINCE OF WALES. CHARLEY'S AUNT. To-day, at 2.30. Mats. Wed. Sat. 2.30.

ROYALTY. Reserved Seats, 4s. 4s. Tel. Ger. 7482.3. VANDERVELT THEATRE. OUR BOYS. To-day, at 8.45. Preceded, 2.30 and 8.15, by "A Man of Ideas."

ALHAMBRA. To-day, at 8.15. THE ALHAMBRA REVUE (including Robert Hale's burlesque pantomime). Variables at 8.30. Mats. Wed. Sat. 2.30.

HIPPODROME—DAILY, at 2.30 and 8.30. New Revue. PALADINUM—6.10 and 8.15. THE LITTLE TIGER. MORE CHRISTINE SILVER HARRY TATE, MORRIS HARVEY, EMILIE THOMAS, LILLIAN LLOYD.

SCAKELYVHEB and ORANT'S THEATRE. THE HOME and Co. PAIR and PARLAND, etc. DUNVILLE, MAY MOORE, DUBREZ, ERNE POTING, and Co. PAIR and PARLAND, etc. DUNVILLE, MAY MOORE, DUBREZ, ERNE POTING, and Co. PAIR and PARLAND, etc.

PALACE—The Xmas Version of THE PASSING SHOW. Grand British Drama. Nelson Key, Greening, Brogden, Made Mitty, Lewis Sydney and Basil Hallam. Scenes, New Songs, Tableau, "Le Reve." Albert Wallas. Way Pictures, 10.50. Fasting Show, 8.30. Matinee, Wed. and Sat., at 2.

DAILY BARGAINS.

A BABY'S Long Clothes Set 50 choice pieces, 21s.; genuine high quality, our every statement reliable; instant approval—Mrs. Max. The Chase, Nottingham.

REAL Navy Serge, as supplied to Admiralty; every length guaranteed; 50th, 1s. 2d., 1s. 6d.; 54in. serge, 2s. to 12s. 6d. yard; also black; carriage paid; write for pattern book 4, free—J. D. Morant, Ltd., Admiralty Contractors, Portsmouth.

REAL Navy Serge, 4s. 3d. and 1s. 6d. yd.; Flannel, 1s. 1d. yd.—Beaumonts, D.C. Contractors, Portsmouth.

Articles for Disposal. ARTISTIC dainty China—100 perfect pieces 21s., comprising dinner set for 12, tea and coffee set for 12; bathroom; big soap; and a set of 6 jugs; all to match; each piece thin and beautifully finished; write for free catalogue—Vincent Fine Art Pottery, 25, Burslem.

CENTURY China Bargains—Household and Individual Orders at Factory Prices; separate Dinner, Tea, Toilet Services, beautiful designs from 3s.; Complete Home Outfit, 21s.; 50,000 satisfied customers; Complete Illustrated Catalogue free. Presents offered; write to-day—Century Pottery, Dept. 75, Burslem.

Wanted to Purchase.

A TRIPPING Hand—Invited to realise on A helping, antiques, or other valuables, to raise money for war charities, are invited to send for cash to Fraser, the well-known and most reliable house; Gold Jewellery, Gold Watches, Gold Chains, Gold Medals, Gold Bracelets, Gold Rings, etc., best value by return; reference Capital and Counties Bank—Fraser (Ipswich), Ltd., Goldsmiths, Dept. 57, Princes-st., Ipswich, Est. 1855.

ANY old False Teeth Bought, any kind, 1s. 3d. per tooth on valuations, to £2 on metals; cash—He, Ltd., Leeds.

ARTIFICIAL Teeth Bought, any kind, 1s. 3d. per tooth on valuations, to £2 on metals; cash—He, Ltd., Leeds.

A post; at ultimate price per return or after made—Messrs. Browning, 63, Oxford-st., London, Estd. 100 years.

ARTIFICIAL Teeth Bought, any kind, 1s. 3d. per tooth on valuations, to £2 on metals; cash—He, Ltd., Leeds.

A post; at ultimate price per return or after made—Messrs. Browning, 63, Oxford-st., London, Estd. 100 years.

CASH by Return for old Jewellery, artificial teeth (any condition) watches silver and plated articles, curios.—Stanley and Co., 35, Oxford-st., London, W.

CASH advanced, £3 to £10,000, privately to city clerks and London men generally in permanent positions on promissory notes; no fees charged; no sureties or cosureties required; repayments to suit borrowers; others loans paid off—Richards and Co., 10 to 11, Lime-st., City. Est. 1855.

LOANS DURING WAR AS USUAL. IMMEDIATE CASH ADVANCES £20 TO £2,000 can be obtained at 100 per cent. ON YOUR SMILE PROMISE TO REPAY.

Repayments to Suit your Own Convenience. NO PRELIMINARY FEES. ALL Communications strictly Private.

LONDON & PROVINCES DISCOUNT CO., LTD. 78, QUEEN VICTORIA ST., LONDON, E.C. Wire "Loanors." London. Phone Bank 9552.

Great Britain's Fleet Is Doing at Sea: Photographs

and Beauty at
Drury Lane
re : : : Pictures.

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY OTHER DAILY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD

HOW the British Enter-
tainers Left for the
Front : : : Picture.

"TOMMY" BUYS A NICE MINCE PIE.

9331



British soldiers in France buying mince pies from a French girl. They look very warm and comfortable in their new goatskin coats. The soldiers are very proud of their furs, and like to be photographed in them.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

GERMANY'S VIEW OF THE SEA DOG.

911908 F



Lord Fisher, the First British Sea-Dog, as depicted in a German cartoon. He is seen crouching on the cliffs of Dover, and we are told that he will die of starvation surrounded by German ships!

DEAD GENERAL.

P. 70



The late General Kelly-Kenny, who died at Hove on Saturday in his seventy-fifth year. He was an exceedingly able officer and had a distinguished career.

BRITAIN'S NEW MINE SWEEPERS.

9352



Launching new British mine-sweepers at Selby. These vessels are part of a fleet of nineteen mine-sweepers that have been built by the Great Northern Steamship Fishing Company to clear the seas from German mines.

BRAVE DRUMMER.

P. 16315



Drummer W. Bradbury, of the 2nd Worcestershire Regiment, has won the D.C. medal. He carried dispatches at the Aisne while severely wounded. He lost an arm.

All "The Daily Mirror" war photographs are the copyright in the United States of America and Canada of the "New York Times."

Printed and Published by THE PICTORIAL NEWSPAPER CO. (1910), LTD., at The Daily Mirror Offices, 23-29, Bouverie-street, London, E.C.—Monday, December 28, 1914